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NOVEL AND PICTURESQUE SCENE IN AN IRON FOUNDRY.—THE REMARKABLE TABLEAU PRESENTED TO THE ASTONISHED GAZE OF THE WORKMEN IN REDWAY AND BURTON'S FOUNDRY, IN CINCINNATI, BY THE UNEXPECTED APPARITION OF MRS. SPECHT, A JEALOUS WIFE, IN HOT PURSUIT OF HER ALLEGED RIVAL, MISS CARRIE GEISER.—SEE PAGE 7



RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.
Office : 2, 4 & 6 Reade Street, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1879.

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To Correspondents.

We earnestly solicit sketches, portraits of noted criminals and items of interesting events from all parts of the United States. Reports of events that create an excitement in their immediate localities, and more particularly photographs of parties who have made themselves notorious therein, if sent at once, will be liberally paid for. Articles of a personal nature cannot be inserted unless authenticated. Rejected MSS. will not be returned.

CHIEF CULLEN, Reading, Pa.—Courtsey appreciated.
T. M., Saginaw, Col.—Matter is of local interest only.
IAGO.—See item elsewhere; thanks. Come see us again.
W. H., Kendall, N. Y.—See item in another column; thanks.

R. L. G., Waukesha, Wis. Item no more than a matter of local mention.

G. F. S., Cahoka, Mo.—Shall be glad to have matter and photo in question.

C. A. B., Detroit, Mich.—Item appears with illustration; thanks: write again.

A. M. F., Montezuma, Iowa.—Sketch appears. Send us further details, if any.

B. A. W., Summit, Miss.—Article will appear in our next if crowded out this week.

T. A. B., San Francisco, Cal.—Portrait sent appears. Matter for the other held over.

S. S. M., Newberne, N. C.—Account of the occurrence appeared in our issue of the 15th.

I. P. J., Murfreesboro, Tenn.—Item appeared in our last. Please send reports more promptly.

CORRESPONDENT, Pueblo, Col.—Illustration published. Matter previously at hand. Further by mail.

A. O. C., Glenwood, Iowa.—Have published account of matter; will be glad to have photo, however.

D. C. C., Lake City, Minn.—Item arrived rather too late, but will use it next week if crowded out of this issue.

CORRESPONDENT, Bowling Green, Ky.—Portrait appears, with account. Advise us further of the matter. Further by mail.

A. G. F., Louisville, Ky.—Send us account of the matter so that it may reach us without fail before the following Thursday.

A. W. M., Stanton, Tenn.—Item too far back. Send us reports at the earliest possible moment after the occurrence only.

O. H. K., Roswell, Ga.—Could make no use of the sketch, which is evidently not authentic, not agreeing even with the published descriptions.

VIATOR, Washington, D. C.—Matter appears with illustration and portraits. Full reports previously received through our exchanges. Further by mail.

W. D. A., Versailles, Mo.—Photo appears with article. Will communicate with you by mail regarding your proposition. Send on the item referred to.

E. B. R., Montgomery, Ala.—Matter is by far too stale for our columns. We wish only accounts of current happenings. Attention appreciated, nevertheless.

MARSHAL FISH, Moline, Ill.—Photo of the officer already received. Will be glad to have the others, if sent early. Account appears in this issue, with illustration.

S. J. S., Whiting, Ala.—See item in another column. Send us accounts of interesting occurrences in your vicinity at any time, but please send them promptly.

G. W. R., Sioux City, Iowa.—Suicides are too common to be of general interest, unless attended by very exceptional circumstances. Thanks for the attention, however.

A. C. M., Atlanta, Ga.—Matter illustrated. Brief account of the occurrence published in preceding issue. Fuller details received for this issue from another source.

SHERIFF PERKINS, Rock Island, Ill.—Thanks for the favor. Portrait with sketch will appear in our next. Too late for this issue. Please notify your newsdealers and others interested.

READER, Algiers, Tex.—We should say he could not, by the laws of this state, but you had better consult a lawyer in your individual instance if you contemplate putting the question to a legal test.

T. E. G., Shelbyville, Ill.—Matter unavoidably crowded out this week. Will certainly appear with portraits, in our next. Please advise your newsdealers and others interested to that effect.

J. W., Richmond, Va.—Account of the occurrence was published, with illustration, in our preceding issue. Should you hereafter obtain the portraits would be glad to have them; thanks for the attention.

E. G. H., Greenville, S. C.—If you can give us a readable article of the sort, with new facts, shall be glad to have it. We have good reason to believe in the reliability, in the main, of the article alluded to, however.

CORRESPONDENT, Plattsburg, Mo.—Matter held over for consideration. Too much pressed for space this week. Send us fuller explanation of the "point" of the sketch. Cannot exactly see much in it as presented thus far.

H. G. M., Union Springs, Ala.—We pay for matter according to its value to us. Items accompanied by authentic sketches of localities of occurrences and portraits of prominent actors in them, are by far the most desirable. Further regarding other matters by mail.

J. S., Fort Sully, D. T.—Your effort in the cause of truth is commendable, but the crushing mass of evidence is on the side of the statement of our correspondent, wherein the Olives are exhibited as human fiends for whom hanging is altogether too tender a means of exit from membership with the race they have so foully disgraced.

A LIFE IMPRISONMENT EXPERIMENT.

There are now in the Kentucky Penitentiary, according to the Frankfort *Yeoman*, about fifty men who are under sentence of life imprisonment. This, it is stated, is about one hundred per cent. more than were ever in the prison at any one time before, and the fact is due to the law which gives to the jury the right to determine whether a murderer shall suffer death or imprisonment for life.

A jury can exercise its discretion which punishment shall be inflicted after the matter of the guilt of the accused is settled. This discretionary power no one in any section of the country who has ever contemplated the glorious uncertainty and frequent idiosyncrasy of the average jury will be surprised to learn has the result of evasion of the death penalty in nine cases out of ten. If this really deplorable power is still conferred upon the juries the *Yeoman* calculates that, at the present murder rate in the state, within the next ten years there will be men enough who are convicted for life to completely fill the penitentiary as it stands. There is considerable ground for believing that the calculation does not exaggerate the prospect. There is certainly little reason to believe that the murder rate in that combative commonwealth will be diminished to any alarming extent or that the juries of the next decade will look with any less leniency upon the crime of murder in the first degree. A certain tenderness towards an individual who has "killed his man," provided it has been done in any way possibly consistent with its being viewed in the light of a personal quarrel, has always been a characteristic of Kentucky communities, and is one not likely to be very speedily obliterated. Besides, where homicide is so frequent, we had almost said so fashionable, it is impossible for the jurymen not to regard the situation of the prisoner at the bar as one views an event that is quite liable to occur in anyone's lifetime.

As to the matter of the general effect of the state of things referred to by the *Yeoman*, it regards this probable filling up of the penitentiary as rather a blessing than a calamity to the state. Before the late revision of its statutes the death penalty could only be enforced in capital cases and the verdict of guilty was necessarily followed by the gibbet. Unfortunately, however, it was a rare thing that this verdict was reached on account of the indisposition of juries to inflict the penalty, and the criminal was frequently discharged and allowed to go at large to commit fresh crimes. In revising the statutes, an endeavor was made to institute a reform in this matter by giving to the jury the discretionary power regarding the penalty to be prescribed. The wisdom of this reform has since been demonstrated by the number of life convictions alluded to, amounting in point of real fact to quite as much excess of leniency as previously gave ground for complaint. Other states are experiencing the effects of this same absurdity of vesting juries with this discretionary power. A notable instance of this was shown in Illinois about a year ago, in the case of Frank Bando, the murderous tramp and desperado, who had committed murders enough to have hung half a dozen men, and against whom the people in the vicinity of the scene of some of the most aggravated of his sanguinary exploits were so incensed that it was believed he would never be allowed to go through even the legal form which it was supposed would inevitably consign him to the scaffold, because the enraged populace hungered to an uncontrollable degree for the infliction of a speedier vengeance upon him. Yet with this state of feeling against him, and in the face of the most undeniable evidence that justice demanded his execution, if it was ever demanded in any case on record, a jury was got together that was either too soft hearted or was moved by some other of the thousand and one mysterious motor powers that act upon juries, to administer to him the punishment he had so richly earned. Instead of hanging him, as they should in all reason and in all justice have done, they exercised their discretionary power by simply consigning him to so-called life imprisonment. So the murderous wretch went off to Joliet chuckling over his unexpected escape from his deserved fate, and there he is at the present writing, as far as heard from, quite cheerful and full of confidence in his talent as a jail-breaker, or upon some fortuitous occurrence to get him out at no very distant day to resume his sanguinary career, which he promises shall be inaugurated by butchering the jury which sent him there, a promise which we should see fulfilled with less regret, perhaps, than we ought.

AWAY WITH HIM.

For the first time, the force of public opinion seems likely to overwhelm Captain Williams, the distinguished clubber of the Twenty-ninth precinct. Not but that there have been unnumbered instances of fully as flagrant outrages committed by him, and as amply proven, as in the case of Mr. Black, the victim of his atrocious assault at Gilmore's garden, but there has always hitherto been an invisible barrier interposed between this conspicuous offender and the just indignation of the public, which has pro-

tected him from the storm as easily as a duck sheds water from its back. The fact is the public has been greatly to blame in not having long ago made such a concerted and determined effort as we are now witnessing, to rid itself of this brutal fellow. At all events it has now spoken in tones not to be misunderstood in regard to this matter, and therefore, for the first time, we are somehow aware that the once effectual barrier is no longer at hand.

Perhaps it is because the movement has assumed so threatening a character that even the safety of the barrier itself is no longer assured, but that, should it be attempted to interpose it, it would be crushed by the irresistible force, and be involved in a common ruin with the ruffian who has hitherto found protection behind it.

The fact is the retention of Williams on the force in the face of his conduct for years past is an outrage upon humanity and an insult to the most impudent character to the citizens whose money has so long supported him in a position for which he is eminently unfit and wherein his vulgar insolence and pomposity have been pampered to a degree that has led him to forget entirely his true position as servant of the people and to strut in the character of master before his betters.

In no other civilized nation would he be tolerated. In no other civilized country could such a figure exist. Under the most rigorous tyranny of the Czars of Russia no official would ever have dared to treat the crushed and fettered populace with the insolent brutality and contempt assumed by this fellow towards so-called free and independent American citizens.

Against the innumerable reasons why he should go we defy his strongest supporter, if he has any, to produce a tenable one why he should stay. His incompetency has ever been conspicuous, and his unfitness for his position, in a variety of ways the reverse of creditable, has been proven over and over again. Add to this his outrageous brutality and insolence, and the universal demand for his removal from a place wherein he is a disgrace to the city and a source of mortification to every citizen who feels an interest in its fair fame, and we should like to know what can possibly be adduced to justify the opposition of the public will by his retention on the force, save a flat contempt for that will amounting to the establishment of a municipal axiom that a citizen has no rights which a knave of clubs is bound to respect.

Justice Long Delayed.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., March 20.—District Attorney Chase and ex-District Attorney Lamores, of Oswego, representing the people, and ex-Judge Huntington, of Pulaski, Oswego county, for the defendant, were before Judge Noxon, in this city, to-day, to complete arrangements for the trial of Orlando C. Greenfield for the murder of his wife. The case is a somewhat remarkable one, as the murder took place nearly four years ago. The woman was killed on the morning of October 21, 1875, in the town of Orwell, Oswego county. The homicide was a double one, as the woman was enceinte at the time. She had had some trouble with her husband, who left the house the night before and went to his father's. He rose about two o'clock in the morning of the murder, and went to the house, according to his own statement. Returning to his father's house, he roused the family, stating that a man was with his wife and that he had seen him through the window. The father and a neighbor went back to Greenfield's residence with him and found the woman weltering in her blood from the effects of a gun-shot wound. The body was quite warm, showing the deed had been committed but a short time before.

Greenfield's arrest followed, and the trial came before Judge Noxon in May, 1876, lasting four weeks. The jury disagreed. Another trial was had before Judge Merwin in March, 1877, which resulted in Greenfield's conviction and sentence. A stay of execution was secured by his counsel on various grounds. The case was taken to the General Term, where a motion for a new trial was denied. Another stay of proceedings was secured. A writ of error was granted and the case was taken to the Court of Appeals. It was argued in May last, and in September a decision was rendered reversing the judgment of the lower courts and granting a new trial. Prisoner's counsel then secured a change of venue from Oswego to Onondaga county, and the trial has been set down to commence in this city Monday, June 16.

Thomas Moore, Victim of an Unknown Assassin.

The dead body of a harmless and inoffensive man, familiarly known as "Tom" Moore, who has resided in the vicinity of Bowling Green, Ky., since the close of the war, was found in Barren river, about two miles above that city on the 7th. His skull had been crushed in more than one place. No definite clue has been found to the perpetrator of this foul murder. The coroner investigated the case, and the body was fully identified and afterwards buried, but no light was shed upon the mystery. Some months previous Moore was attacked in a very savage manner on the public highway by one of his neighbors, his arm broken and wounded, though not seriously, with a pistol bullet. Moore instituted a civil suit against his assailant for damages sustained. The suit was decided in his favor. In the meantime the assailant had been indicted in the circuit court on three counts, one for carrying concealed deadly weapons, one for assault and battery and the third for shooting at and striking Moore with intent to kill. The last two indictments are still pending.

Moore was last seen alive on Saturday, the 23rd day of January last, which was just two days before the commencement of the court in which the indictments are pending, and at which they were to have been called for trial. When, however, the court met and the cases were called, Moore did not appear, although he was under bond for his appearance as witness in the cases, he being the principal one. The cases had, therefore, to be continued, and it was reported that he had been hired to leave the country. Some, however, gave no credence to this solution of the mystery of his sudden disappearance. Consequently the excitement was great when it was known that his body had been found as above stated. The corpse was so decomposed as to be only identified by certain peculiarities of person and clothing. A portrait of the unfortunate victim of the mysterious tragedy is given on another page.

Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portrait.]

The charming artiste, Miss Lizzie Harold, whose portrait graces our theatrical gallery this week, has risen rapidly in public favor from a comparatively obscure position on the stage, to that she occupies at present as one of the most popular actresses and estimable ladies of which it can boast. Some four years since she played chiefly minor singing parts at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. Her grace of manner and charms of face and form, together with her pleasing vocalism, could not but attract more than passing attention, however, and it was not long until she attained a higher sphere of professional action in which she has been progressing ever since with a rapidity that has now brought her forward as a most successful artist, and one of the stage favorites of the day, upon whom the theatre-going public loves to center its doting admiration and applause.

W. B. Jones, a Missing Man.

[With Portrait.]

On February 27th last, Mr. W. B. Jones, a highly reputable citizen of Morgan county, Mo., a prominent granger, prosperous farmer and a church member in good standing, was at the stockyards of East St. Louis where he sold some cattle and received \$1,600 in cash. Since that time no trace of him has been found and no clue to the mysterious disappearance can be traced. It is feared that he has been foully dealt with or that he has met with some mishap while laboring under mental hallucination. He is described as about sixty-five years of age, five feet eleven inches in height, weight about 160 pounds, hair and chin-whiskers naturally gray, but generally dyed, eyes small, dark hazel, with keen, searching glance, teeth decayed, long, prominent nose; rather stoop-shouldered. His portrait is given on another page as a further means of identification, and fifty dollars reward for any definite information concerning him is offered by the Western Detective Association, of Versailles, Mo.

Gustave Wickenberg, a Defaulting Bank Teller.

[With Portrait.]

Gustave Wickenberg, whose portrait appears on another page, is announced as a defaulter to the amount of \$7,600, by the banking firm of Klink, Wickenberg & Co., of Charleston, S. C., where the alleged defaulter was a bank teller. They state that he left that city on the night of February 22nd, last, taking with him the amount stated in U. S. legal tender notes. Wickenberg is described as a native of Sweden, thirty-six years old, but looking much older; six feet one or two inches in height; stooping shoulders; bushy hair, quite gray; large nose; small black mustache and imperial; is very near-sighted and wears glasses when reading or looking at objects at a distance. The firm in question announce that they will pay a reward of ten per cent. for the amount of money recovered, or \$500 for his arrest.

F. W. Rimer, Absconding Forger.

[With Portrait.]

F. W. Rimer, whose portrait we give elsewhere, is wanted at Toronto, Canada, for forgery, and \$200 reward is offered for his apprehension. He is described as follows: Thirty-five years of age, five feet eight inches high, dark hair and complexion; small, dark side whiskers; medium build; carries left hand behind his back when walking; rubs his hands together when speaking; has large pock-mark on forehead; top of fore-finger of right hand with part of nail, cut off; pug nose. He was last seen at Union Station, Toronto, on Tuesday, 11th inst., and is supposed to have gone to his brother at Portage du Ford. Information regarding him is to be addressed to Frank C. Draper, Chief Constable, Toronto.

Joseph Lusiger, a "Wanted" Cracksman.

[With Portrait.]

Joseph Lusiger, alias King, an old and noted Chicago cracksman, whose portrait is given elsewhere, was arrested about three weeks since in St. Louis, while in the act of committing a burglary, but subsequently escaped. Lusiger is known as a shrewd and dangerous criminal, and has frequently baffled the detectives. He is twenty-seven years of age, and was born in Canada. The police of St. Louis and Chicago believe that he went east after his escape, and probably made his way either to Boston or New York. In this regard his portrait will doubtless be of interest to police officials of this section.

A Chinese Desperado.

[With Portrait.]

In our preceding issue we gave an account, with an illustration, of the singular and desperate attempt of three Chinamen to garrote and rob Officer Hook, of the San Francisco police force, while patrolling his beat in that city. One of the gang, who gave his name as Leong Cook, was captured, and is said to be the leader of these heathen desperadoes. His portrait appears on another page.

THE WIDOW'S SUIT.

A Remarkable Breach-of-Promise Case at Washington which Recalls the Memorable one of

BARDELL VERSUS PICKWICK.

The Awfully Horrid Stories which Mrs. Oliver Tells about the Winnebago Chieftain.

HEY, THE NAUGHTY SENATOR THAT HE IS.

[With Illustration and Portraits.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 20.—The trial of the suit of Mary S. Oliver against ex-Senator Simon Cameron, for breach of promise, in which she asks for \$50,000 damages, commenced on the 17th. The jury was composed of ten white men and two negroes. Mr. Darnelle opened the case for the plaintiff. General Butler acted as counsel for the defendant.

Mrs. Oliver, in her testimony explanatory of her case, said she had lived here since 1874. In that year she formed the acquaintance of Mr. Cameron at the Congressional Hotel. Mr. Cameron told her in New Orleans, in 1875, that she was to be his wife at some future day. When she came here Mr. Cameron gave her a letter to Secretary Bristow. [Letter shown and identified.] The proffer of marriage was accepted. She had received other letters on the subject, but they were returned to Mr. Cameron at his request. She received a letter from Mr. Cameron dated September 25, 1875. Mr. Cameron requested this letter to be returned to him, but witness could not find it. They had many conversations on the subject of the letter, in which he says,

"YOU WILL BE MY WIFE."

Witness was next shown the following letter, which she also identified:

"MY DEAR MRS. OLIVER: I send you a letter to Mr. Bristow, in accordance with your request. I would be glad to hear that you agree with me to be mine. I hope so. So you had better see that the letter reaches the Secretary's own hands."

"Mr. Cameron," continued Mrs. Oliver, "said the obstacle to the marriage was a Miss Davis. I called on the lady and had a talk with her. I told Mr. Cameron in the committee room that I had seen Miss Davis, and he said he regretted that I had made the visit." When witness left the city in March, 1874, she returned to New Orleans, where she next met Mr. Cameron. He wrote witness that he was coming to New Orleans on his way, with a Senatorial party, to Vera Cruz, Mexico. She met Mr. Cameron on his arrival, and at that visit he promised her marriage. On his return to this city and to Harrisburg in 1875, and until the summer of 1876, he made several

PROMISES TO MARRY HER.

She afterward met Mr. Cameron in the Senate foreign committee room, when he gave her a dose which she thought was intended to destroy her. He stated as the reason of his failure to come to see her at her house in New Orleans that the rebels did not like him, and he did not want to be seen on the street. He sent her, on his return to Washington, a note to come on to this city, and the money to pay her way. Mr. Cameron was in New Orleans a few days only. Witness saw defendant frequently in this city. He came here from Harrisburg every two weeks. After Congress convened she saw him oftener. He told her that he was desirous of giving all his spare time to her. Witness obtained employment on the letter from Cameron to Secretary Bristow, and she remained in the Treasury some time. She next obtained employment in the Interior Department. While she was employed in the Treasury, she frequently saw Mr. Cameron. In regard to all correspondence, after she received the appointment he said he would write to her and request an answer on the same paper. Since her dismissal from the Interior Department she has made many efforts, without success, to secure employment. In consequence of the notoriety obtained in this matter with Mr. Cameron, she suffered the loss of friends. At the beginning of the time that Cameron was engaged to her, he was very kind, but afterward became very unkind to her. During the engagement Mr. Cameron, she claimed,

TOOK IMPROPER LIBERTIES WITH HER.

On the following day Mrs. Oliver and her friend Miss Carlton were the first to make their appearance. They occupied seats back of the plaintiff's attorney, and immediately became objects of general attraction. Mr. Cameron was late in arriving, but quietly seated himself back of his lawyers and watched their manner of conducting his case, seldom entering into conversation with them.

General Butler made an extended address, in which he said that this was merely a breach of contract, and there was no difference between this and any other contract in the law, for the law has one and the same rule. This was a case of consequential damages, and special damages could not be claimed unless they were specifically set out.

Chief Justice Carter said that the plaintiff proposed to prove seduction, and also to show a contract of marriage. He thought it would be an error to reject testimony tending to prove a marital contract, and it might be that this contract had its outgrowth in acts. He was in doubt on the point in relation to seduction, but he would admit the testimony, and open this sewer

AS LITTLE AS POSSIBLE.

Mrs. Oliver then resumed the stand, and testified that, relying upon the promise of Mr. Cameron to marry her, she permitted him to enjoy improper privileges with her. In the winter of 1875, Mrs. McVeagh came to the St. James Hotel, in this city, with her children, and that afternoon Mr. Cameron sent for the witness to come to his parlors at the Congress-

sional Hotel. It rained at the time. When she entered he locked the door and took the key out. He said that his daughters came with the children and annoyed him, and he would not let them in. He told her that should they come to the door, for her to conceal herself, and if they went to the window, for her to go behind the curtain, and that would prevent them seeing her. Mrs. McVeagh and the children did come and knock, but, receiving no answer, went away. He then said she must not leave the room alone, as it would look strange. Mr. Cameron had champagne in the room, and invited her to drink, saying that it would help her. She took a little. Mr. Cameron insisted upon her staying, kept the door locked, and held the key. She remained in the room all night. Mr. Cameron said she was to marry him, and insisted upon her complying with his request. Nobody would know it, and in the sight of God it would be no crime. She did not comply with his request. He asked her for all his letters, and as she suspected him,

SHE DID NOT GIVE THEM UP.

Mrs. Oliver was then cross-examined by General Butler. He first called her attention to certain interviews alleged to have been given newspaper reporters regarding her case. She said that reporters came to see her, and made up what they said. The article published in the Post of January 28, 1878, was a slanderous piece in reference to her many husbands. It was a libel. It was at New Orleans that she gave Mr. Cameron a history of herself. [The history she here recited at considerable length.] When she was a little girl she went to live with Mrs. Oliver, at Louisville, Ky., and she sent her to a school kept by the Rev. Mr. Brown. Mrs. Oliver's son kept her in a private room in the house and promised to marry her, but had a wife living. After she related her history to Mr. Cameron he told her to keep it to herself, and that she should come to Washington. He would introduce her as the daughter of Commodore Stewart, and a widow. Mrs. Oliver's son was named Thomas Marshall Oliver. She told Mr. Cameron that they had lived together as man and wife, and that she had two children by him. She lived with him from 1864 up to the time the divorce was procured from his wife, and the Judge told her that it divorced her also. She told Mr. Cameron that at the time she lived with Oliver

HE HAD A WIFE LIVING.

After the divorce Oliver went away, and she never saw him again. She was born in Ireland, and was a descendant of the Alden family. Her father was General N. M. Keever, but had become reduced by circumstances, and gave her to a family named Stuart, living near Petersburg, Va.

After she had told Mr. Cameron of her past life he had agreed to make her his wife. That was as true as anything she had sworn to. The marriage contract was not even sealed with a kiss. The marriage with Oliver was not lawful, because he had a wife living when he married the witness, who was young at the time and did not know anything about the former marriage.

The plaintiff presented a perfectly quiet facial expression throughout her examination. She delivered her testimony with a strange coolness. When being cross-examined upon the most delicate points she responded readily. When detected in a conflicting statement, she worked her way out in an apologetic manner.

On being asked her age she said she would not like to attempt to tell it. She could not do it to a certainty, but supposed she was not much under thirty-nine.

General Butler—Nor I either. I will agree with you there perfectly. Will you swear that you are not fifty?

Witness would not swear to that. Her husband was older than herself, but

SHE DID NOT KNOW HOW MUCH.

A photograph was here shown, her, and she said that was not his.

General Butler—Call Mr. Oliver. Perhaps you may recognize him. [Sensation in court.]

Colonel Cook—He has been sent for, and will be here shortly.

General Butler—Have you written to him within six months?

Mrs. Oliver—Not to know he was living.

General Butler—Not to know he was living! You would not write to him if you knew he was dead, would you?

Mrs. Oliver—I wrote to him to know about my daughter.

General Butler—Have you not written to him repeatedly of late?

Mrs. Oliver—I have written to him at several places, but I did not know that he was living.

General Butler—Have you ever been divorced?

[At this point Mr. Oliver entered the chamber. He is a stoutly built man about fifty years of age; smooth face, excepting a white mustache, and his head is partly bald, the hair being gray.]

General Butler (turning toward him)—Is that Mr. Oliver?

Mrs. Oliver—Yes, that is Mr. Oliver. He has changed somewhat, but that is him.

As she spoke she arose and stepped toward him. This episode formed

THE SENSATION OF THE DAY.

For five years she held herself out as his wife in Louisville; she was about twelve years old when she landed at Montreal; her father and sister visited her at her house while living with Mr. Oliver in Louisville; she had not seen her sister since; when she left Montreal her father gave her to the Stuarts, who took her to Petersburg; she remained there for a year or so, and left with Mrs. Oliver without the Stuarts knowing where she had gone.

The following letter was shown to her, and she admitted the handwriting as hers. The envelope bore the stamp "October 31, 1878."

HON. SIMON CAMERON:

"Late as it is I will pray to God to have you sent to England, if you will marry me or provide for me as you would for a wife, as you promised me. You have but a short time to let me know; and this mission is

yours. It will be granted to me because I pray for it. My prayers God always answers. Let me know. Justice to me, and fortune is yours. Respectfully,

"MARY."

After reading it she laughingly said: "Well, General Butler, you can't blame me for wanting to stir the old man up and get him to marry me."

Twenty-two more letters were shown to her, and she acknowledged having written them. She said that she had not shown the following letter to anybody or recollected receiving it:

"HARRISBURG, September 5, 1875.

"MY DEAR MRS. OLIVER:—

"My dear madame, I hope you will be my wife before very long. It is better you should have a home than remain without protection. Hereafter you will be informed of it. Decline the acquaintances of all people. The small sum will pay your expenses. I shall probably be in Washington in twelve or fourteen days. Hope you will continue to avoid all bad people. Yours, S. C."

The following letter she admitted having written:—"SUNDAY, 318 Pennsylvania avenue.

"HON. SIMON CAMERON:

"DEAR SIR: If I can see you for half an hour, I will drop the suit and live to know you love me once again. If I cannot see you, I will sue you, because that Annie Davis has separated us. She sent a man even to my very boarding-house to try to injure me, and told Mrs. Smith to tell me she would send her brother after me—a poor lone creature. Mrs. Whitney told me that this Annie Davis was the mistress of a Mr. Forney, an editor of a paper, as he had a room in the house where she lived—in the third story of the house where Mr. Butler's is, corner New Jersey avenue and Pennsylvania avenue—and that Annie Davis, when she was drunk, told Mrs. Whitney that she was a street-walker in Philadelphia; that she gave you toadstool tea to drink. But you did not know it. She gave it to you in water; you drank it her house, and before that, she gave it to you at Mrs. Whitney's. She did this so as to have power over you, and now you

ALLOW HER TO INFLUENCE YOU AGAINST ME.

She does not love you; she only wants your money. She told Mrs. Whitney, when you used to have her at Mrs. Whitney's eating in your room, that she intended to control you and make you give her a house. You see she has succeeded in that.

"Then she told Mrs. Whitney you gave her a diamond ring; that she intended to make you do as she pleased, and she has made you forsake me—turn your back on me. You once told me you never would harm me or see anyone do it. You see Annie Davis do it, and you won't stop it. Why can't I see you a moment? We may make up friends. When you hear what I have to say, and to know you love me, then I will be satisfied."

In a letter to General Butler, the widow writes as follows:

"Miss Davis tells that on one occasion she was sitting by the side of Mr. Cameron on the railroad cars when he had her on one of their pleasure trips, and Mr. Cameron's daughter chanced to be on the same car; saw her and instantly went up to her and forbade her sitting by her father's side; called her his—; but that Mr. Cameron told his daughter if she told her mamma about what she saw and who he was with he would disinherit her."

"Miss Davis tells this, showing her influence over Mr. Cameron. Who could believe that Mr. Cameron would join hand in hand with such a person and injure me, who he once loved? Men accost me in the street and tell me Mr. Cameron sent them. It all comes from her; every bit of injury I have received, I think, comes from her. I am sure she has changed Mr. Cameron's heart from the great love he had for me. Even the oranges he would have on his dinner table he would save and keep to give me."

"AND NOW HE TURNS HIS BACK ON ME."

Again she writes to Mr. Cameron, proposing a compromise.

"MR. CAMERON:

"DEAR SIR: I will accept \$4,000, with the \$1,000 I have already received from you; and when you give me the \$4,000 in my hand, then and there and forever all claims cease of mine against you; but if the attorneys I have engaged insist on more I suppose I must submit to them. I told them I would not interfere; but, as I have always told you, I would accept \$4,000 with the one I have received. I will still continue the same, but if my attorneys, Messrs. O'Neil & Brown, object, you can pay them for the trouble they are now at, and perhaps that will do; but in any case I must receive the \$4,000 in my hands. You know Annie Davis has injured me talking about me. You have sadly disappointed me; rejected my love; broken my heart; taken my virtue; cast me off; broken my heart forever. Come or send to me at 318 Pennsylvania avenue. No use to talk to Mrs. Fitzhugh about me; she will only get you into trouble."

"I can make a settlement with you, and stop all these mischief makers. Then I will return home."

In a letter to Mr. A. G. Riddle, she wishes that gentleman to ask Mr. Cameron to give her the \$4,000, and with that Mr. Riddle has for her, together with the \$500 already received, she will call all matters finally settled.

In another letter she says she will take \$1,000 in addition to what she has received and

A \$75 PER MONTH POSITION IN THE DEPARTMENT.

General Butler got up a sensation on Wednesday by his savage cross-examination of the plaintiff. The latter, proceeding with her story, said that it was in the winter of 1875-76 that she was in Mr. Cameron's room at the Congressional Hotel. She did not know the precise time the improper meeting occurred between her and the Senator; she did not charge her memory with it. It was while she was in the Treasury Department that this night scene took place. She did not live with Mr. Cameron after that as his mistress. No prince could call her "mistress." They continued these improper relations, she could not tell how often, but as often as Mr. Cameron wished. These relations continued until their troubles began. They

began in the decline of 1875, and ended in June, 1876. She went to his place for the purpose in every instance. She occupied this room all night with Mr. Cameron very often, but objected to being called his mistress. She had given birth to two children, both Oliver's. She had never threatened Mr. Cameron that if he did not settle with her she would

SWEAR THAT SHE HAD A CHILD BY HIM.

General Butler produced a letter from her to Mr. Cameron, to contradict her, which letter ended with the following postscript:

"P. S.—I am going before the court next week to swear to the truth that you are the father of this baby, so that it will not come into the world unprovided for. You have forced me to do this because you will not agree to my proposition."

This letter, the witness said, was written before the suit was brought. She thought she was in a delicate condition, the effect of the medicine that she took had lingered so long that she was not sure of it. She had threatened to swear a child on Mr. Cameron, and threatened to send it up to the Senate in March, 1877, one month after the suit was brought against him. She had never had an interview with Mr. Cameron after the suit was brought; did not know that she ever spoke to him since that time. She sent letter after letter to him, but met with stern denial.

Mr. Butler then read a letter of Mrs. Oliver to Mr. Cameron, December 29, 1877, in which she charges him with seduction, and says she would spend the remainder of her days in

OBTAINING REVENGE.

The witness said she never spoke to Annie Davis but once, and that was when she went to call on her. Witness said to her that Mr. Cameron had said that she (Miss Davis) was his wife's cousin. She replied that then she must have a great many relatives. The witness then made apology for her coming. Miss Davis invited her up-stairs to her room. She asked Miss Davis what was her influence over Mr. Cameron and when he would be here. She said that he came from Harrisburg every Sunday night.

General Butler—Then, how came you to write such an outrageous statement of lies about Miss Davis, saying that she was drunk?

Mr. Peters—We object to this mode of cross-examination. It is without precedent. This woman is here and should be protected, and the course of the examination, as being pursued, is disgraceful to American jurisprudence.

General Butler—I am respectful to any virtuous woman, however lowly, but to a perjurer, blackmailer, or conspirator, I know no sex. When woman is herself she stands equal with, or above the angels; but when she departs from her sphere, then

SHE DESCENDS TO THE DEPTHS OF DEVILS.

Public interest in the suit increases as it progresses, and by the fourth day the excitement about the court room was really at fever heat. So soon as she was called to the witness-stand General Butler began to propound some perplexing questions, but the widow answered promptly. The cross-examination took a wide range and efforts were made to trip her, but in this the audience seemed to think she was equal to her interrogator. She evidently had the sympathy of the vast concourse of spectators in the court-room. Judge Carter frequently reminded the general that too much time was being consumed in the cross-examination and that the witness had been examined on the same subject twice over.

General Butler continued his examination with renewed vigor, but he was often put to great trouble at times to get answers to suit, and he openly pronounced the widow a troublesome witness. Mrs. Oliver endeavored to answer Yankee fashion, but she was promptly met by the general, who would say, "I am asking you. I am not a witness, and, therefore, cannot be asked questions."

During the examination the statement was elicited from Mrs. Oliver that she obtained the money with which she paid the necessary amount (\$12) to enter the suit by selling some jewels and clothes. This had its effect on the crowd, and expressions such as "Spunky woman," "She has got the nerve," and the like, were indulged in. Mrs. Oliver took advantage of the sympathy manifested for her by the crowd and piteously said:—

"I had no friends on earth and I had to rely on my own exertions."

This was too much for the crowd, and had it not been for the army of bailiffs, Mrs. Oliver's exclamation would have been greeted with loud applause.

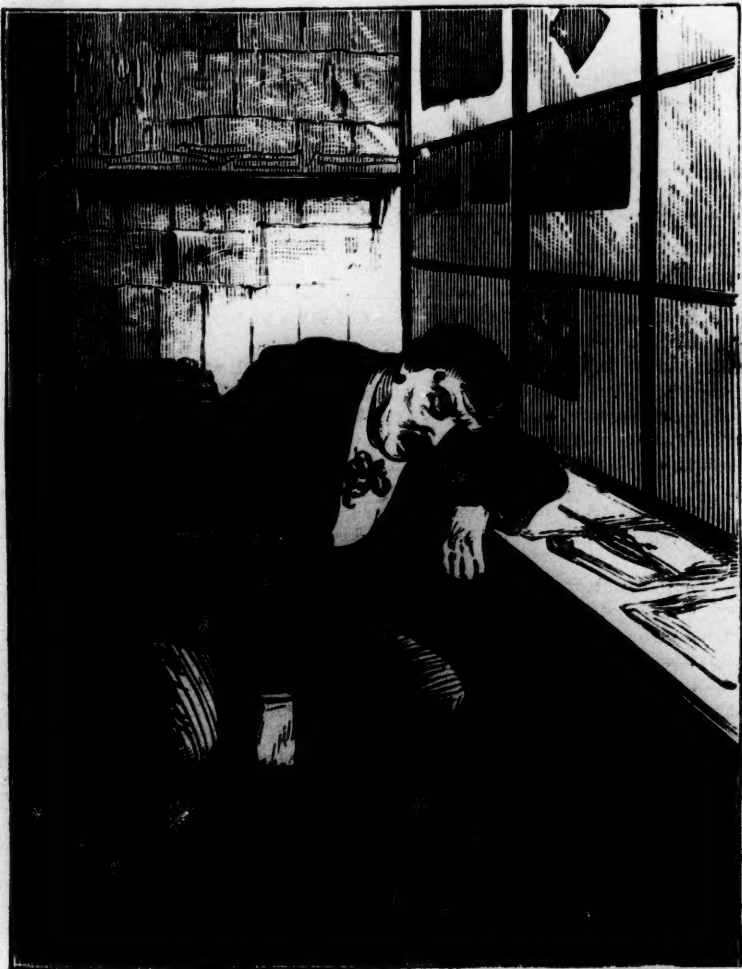
Idiotic Freak of a Spreeding Young Man.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., March 18.—John B. Patton, a young man respectably connected, and having his home near Lebanon, Tenn., created a little sensation this afternoon by marrying Mattie Williams, an inmate of a Main street bagnio. He met her for the first time on last evening, and being under the influence of wine offered her his heart and hand. The proposition was accepted, and to-day the pair were wedded. The groom is thirty years of age, and came to Memphis on Monday to have, as he says, a good time. He has some money, about \$600, which he is spending with a lavish hand. The bride is a well-known character in this city, having resided here for the past five years. The couple, when last heard from to-night, were on a big spree in the former residence of the bride.

Alleged Abortionist Brought to Book.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., March 15.—This morning Dr. R. H. Woodward, an "Indian Doctor," practicing in this city, was arrested upon an indictment for procuring an abortion upon a young woman named Cynthia A. Rhinehold. He gave bonds for his appearance for trial. The doctor was indicted by the Grand Jury this week.

Hyde Park, Mass., is scandalized over a report that A. B. McGowan, a Baptist minister, who resides at Clarendon Hills and preaches at South Canton, has on several occasions passed a young woman, named Susie Scott, off as his wife.



SUICIDAL ACT OF EMIL GUILLEAUME, A DESPONDENT EXILE, IN HIS NEWS STAND, NEW YORK CITY.

Brutal Murder of a Brave Policeman.

[Subject of Illustration.]

ROCK ISLAND, ILL., March 17.—Following are the particulars of the brutal murder which occurred here between one and two o'clock on the morning of the 12th, as previously reported in the GAZETTE: Joseph Rosenfield, a brave city policeman, was killed by a gang of drunken roughts, whom he was trying to arrest. The crowd consisted of four of the hardest characters in the city, all of whom have had experience inside of jails, and one fellow from Rock Island. The first four were Mike Heeney, Pat. Heeney, Thomas Ross, and Jim Burns, alias Cavanaugh, alias Dublin Jack. They had been at a family carousal during the early part of the night, at which a vast amount of liquor was stowed away, and were returning to Davenport, Iowa, noisy and quarrelsome, when met by Officer Rosenfield, at the corner of Sixth avenue and Twentieth street. The policeman attempted to arrest Dublin Jack, and had secured his man, when the rest joined in the struggle. The officer's heavy hickory cane was wrenched away from him and broken over his head, producing a severe fracture of skull, and felling him to the ground. The brutes then jumped upon the prostrate man, and with stones and bricks pounded in his head and completed their terrible work, leaving the poor fellow in a dying condition, and taking to their heels. Rosenfield was found a few minutes later. A physician was immediately summoned, but he expired before his arrival, without speaking a word. Four of the murderers were arrested within an hour and a half after the occurrence of the tragedy. Of these, three, Bernhard, Mike and Pat. Heeney, were arrested single-handed by Officer Metach, while the fourth, Dublin



JOSEPH ROSENFELD, A BRAVE POLICEMAN OF ROCK ISLAND, ILL., BRUTALLY MURDERED BY A GANG OF DRUNKEN ROUGHTS.



REVELATION OF A TERRIBLE CRIME—THE BODY OF AN UNKNOWN WOMAN, TIGHTLY BOUND IN A SACK, FOUND FLOATING IN THE RIVER, AT SPRINGWELLS, MICH.—SEE PAGE 13.

Jack, was captured by the guard at the Iowa end of the railroad bridge. Only one of the men, Thomas Ross, is still at liberty, and it is thought he will be captured soon. The murder caused great excitement throughout the city, and threats of lynching were indulged in. The city council met in special session, and passed resolutions, and the mayor issued a proclamation, remonstrating against any proceedings of lawlessness, but urging the proper officers to diligence in bringing the criminals to justice. The murdered man was one of the best officers on the force, reliable and brave, of German birth, thirty-six years of age, and leaves a wife and six children without any means of support. A subscription for the benefit of the family was started.

Putting a Dog "in Soak."

[Subject of Illustration.]

CHICAGO, ILL., March 15.—A pawn-broker on State street is in trouble. A few days ago an individual called with a black-and-tan dog, and, after explaining that there was a pile of wealth in store for any man who could reach Leadville, said that he only lacked a few dollars in order to make up the necessary amount for transportation to that place. His original intentions were to take the dog along with him, but, finding that he had exhausted every other resource, he had concluded to put the dog "in soak" until such a time as he could raise the silver at Leadville and redeem him. "What would the three-ball man advance on the dog?" The pawn-broker sized up the points of the animal and concluded to advance the sum of \$10. The money was plunked down, the animal left at the store and the man struck out for Leadville or somewhere else. Under the law, every pawn-broker is obliged to report goods taken on advances to the Police Headquarters, and a short time after a description of the dog had been left, an irate female called at the pawn-broker's establishment and demanded the dog. The pawn-broker declined to surrender, and the female opened up on the kind of business a pawn-broker ought to run. Her notions were that such a place ought not to be kept for putting dogs "in soak," and insisted that the dog had been stolen from her by her worthless husband, who



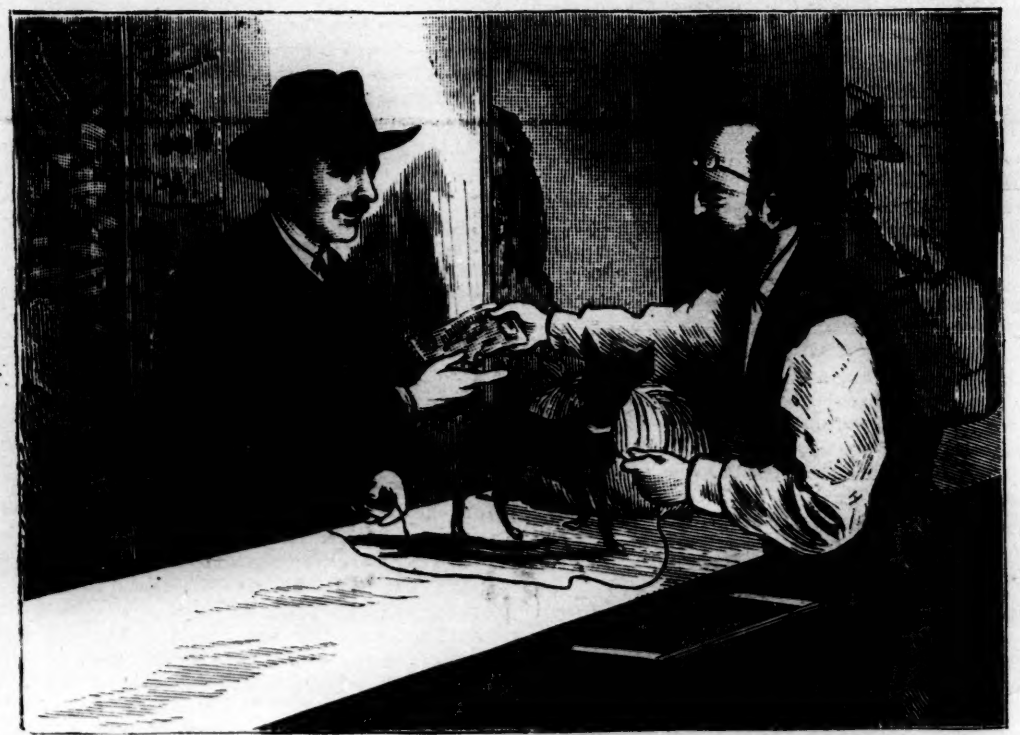
ANGELO BACCIGALUPO, THE RICHMOND WIFE MURDERER, AND HIS VICTIM.—SEE PAGE 12.

had skipped out for Leadville. The pawn-broker held to the animal and the female departed with a threat to see whether the law would permit advances on dogs. She left in high dudgeon, and the prospect of a law-suit is not exactly consoling to the pawn-broker.

An Exile's Suicidal Despair.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Emil Guilleaume, a news-dealer at Second avenue and First street, was found dead on the evening of the 13th, in his news-stand. A pistol wound was found in his right temple, and a revolver, one of the chambers of which had been discharged, was in his right hand. Guilleaume was thirty-six years old, and the son of a leading jewelry manufacturer of Pforzheim, a city in Baden. He learned his father's business, but abandoned his home at the age of twenty and came to this country. For a while he worked well in Philadelphia and Newark, but grew dissipated and was disowned by his family. A trip on a whaler resulted from a drunken freak. On his return to the United States, last autumn, he received \$700 from Germany, a special legacy which came to him on the death of his mother. It was rapidly spent, but Guilleaume saved enough out of it to establish a small news-stand in partnership with Mr. H. Stein, of 121 First street. They carried on business together and lived in the same house. When Mr. Stein obtained employment at his trade he retained his interest in the news business, but left the management of it to his partner. Guilleaume did not go home on Wednesday night, 12th, but Stein felt no concern on his account, and it was only when he happened to pass the stand and saw the shutters up that he thought there was something wrong. His dupli-



PUTTING A DOG "IN SOAK."—HOW A CHICAGO CANDIDATE FOR LEADVILLE OBTAINED THE FUNDS FROM HIS "UNCLE" TO STRIKE FOR THE NEW DIGGINGS.

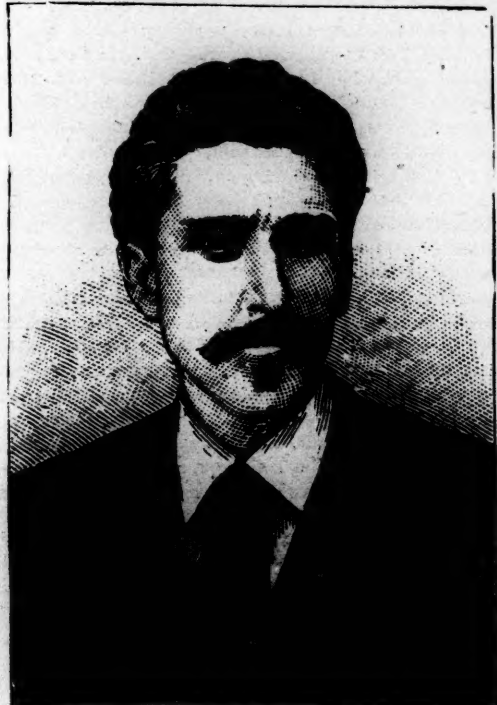
cate key would not open the door, as there was already one in the key-hole on the inside. The door was forced and the body was found. No shot was heard by the neighbors, and the time of the suicide is not known.

Homicide in Self-Defense.

[Subject of Illustration.]

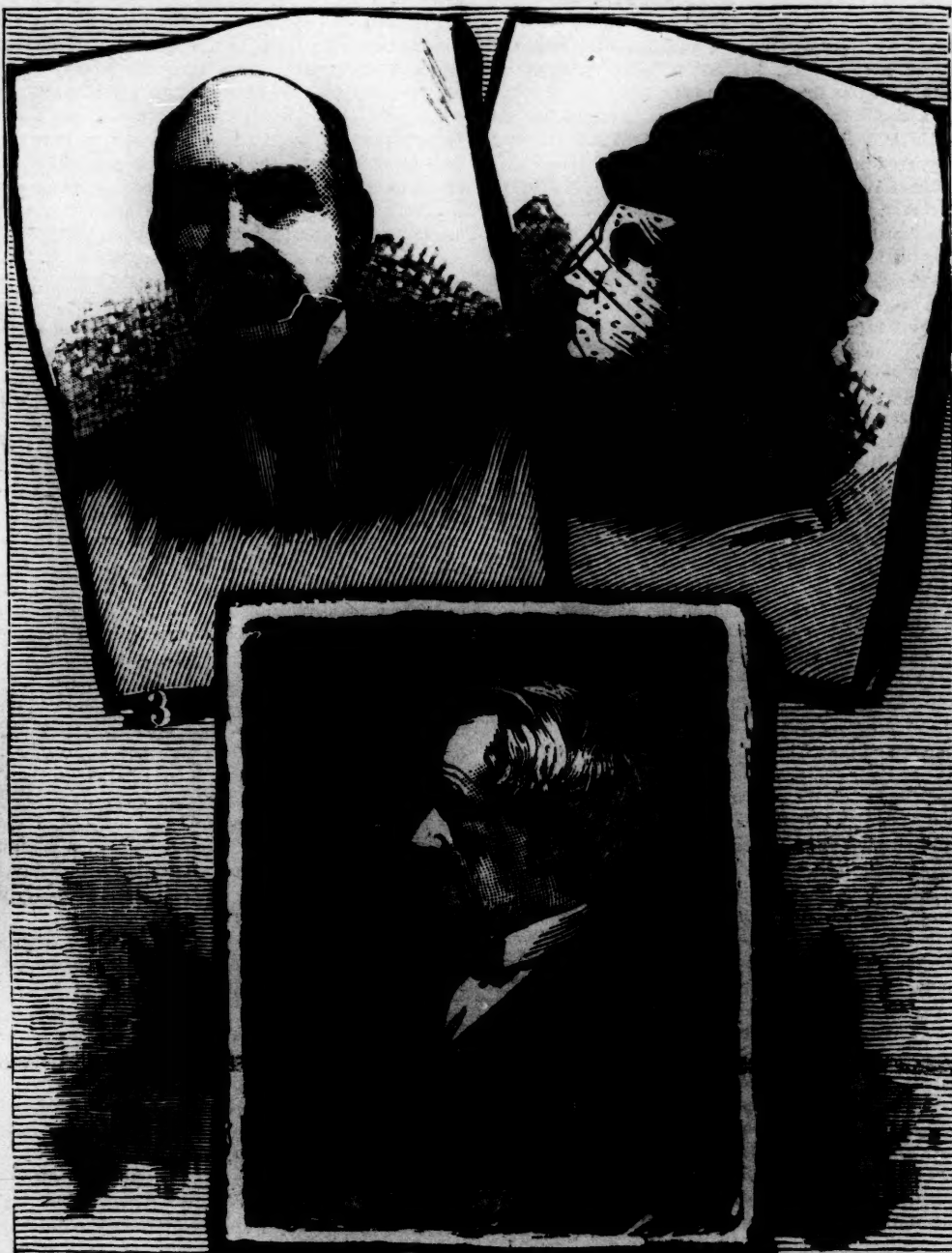
Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.]

MONTZUMA, Iowa, March 15.—On Friday, the 6th inst., Mr. William H. H. Tunnells, residing eight miles south of this place, was out in the timber chopping,



GUSTAVE WICKENBURG, A DEFAULTING BANK TELLER, OF CHARLESTON, S. C.—SEE PAGE 2.

with his hired man, George Richardson. While thus engaged, Tunnells' father-in-law, James Playle, came out and began abusing Tunnells, saying that he had a notion to whip him within an inch of his life. Tunnells, turning around to Richardson, suggested that they should go and cut the poles, and, taking up his ax and swinging it on his arm, advanced to pick up a man. Playle again threatened to whip Tunnells, and made a pass at him, but Tunnells warded off the blow with his left hand. Playle made another pass, striking Tunnells on the right side of the face. Tunnells then took his ax and started to run away, when Playle seized him, and in the scuffle which ensued Tunnells, having hold of his ax about half way up on the handle, dealt Playle a blow with the back of it just over the left ear. Playle fell to the ground insensible, notwithstanding the blow was light. At



OLIVER VERSUS CAMERON—THE GREAT BREACH OF PROMISE SUIT IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

1.—Mrs. Mary S. Oliver, the Plaintiff. 2.—Ex-Senator Simon Cameron, the Defendant. 3.—Thomas M. Oliver, Plaintiff's alleged former husband.—SEE PAGE 3.

this, Richardson, the hired man, said: "Tunnells, I am afraid you have done a bad job." Tunnells replied that he thought so too, and that he would not have done it for the world. Playle was carried to a dry spot, and Richardson stayed with him until Tun-

nells arrived with a neighbor and his team, and conveyed Playle to Tunnells' house. Playle only spoke twice, once asking where they were taking him, and once after remarking to Richardson that he "was in a d-d bad fix." He seemed to be unconscious from

that time, only making an effort to speak when he saw his daughter, Tunnells' wife. He only lived about six hours. A physician being present at the time, found the skull had been crushed. The excitement is very high, all kinds of rumors being afloat. The sentiment seems to favor Tunnells. The latter is under medium size and bears the character of a very peaceable man, never known to harm any one, while Playle was a very large man, and noted as a fighter. Playle was sixty-four years, and seemed to be just in the prime of life. Tunnells does not deny striking



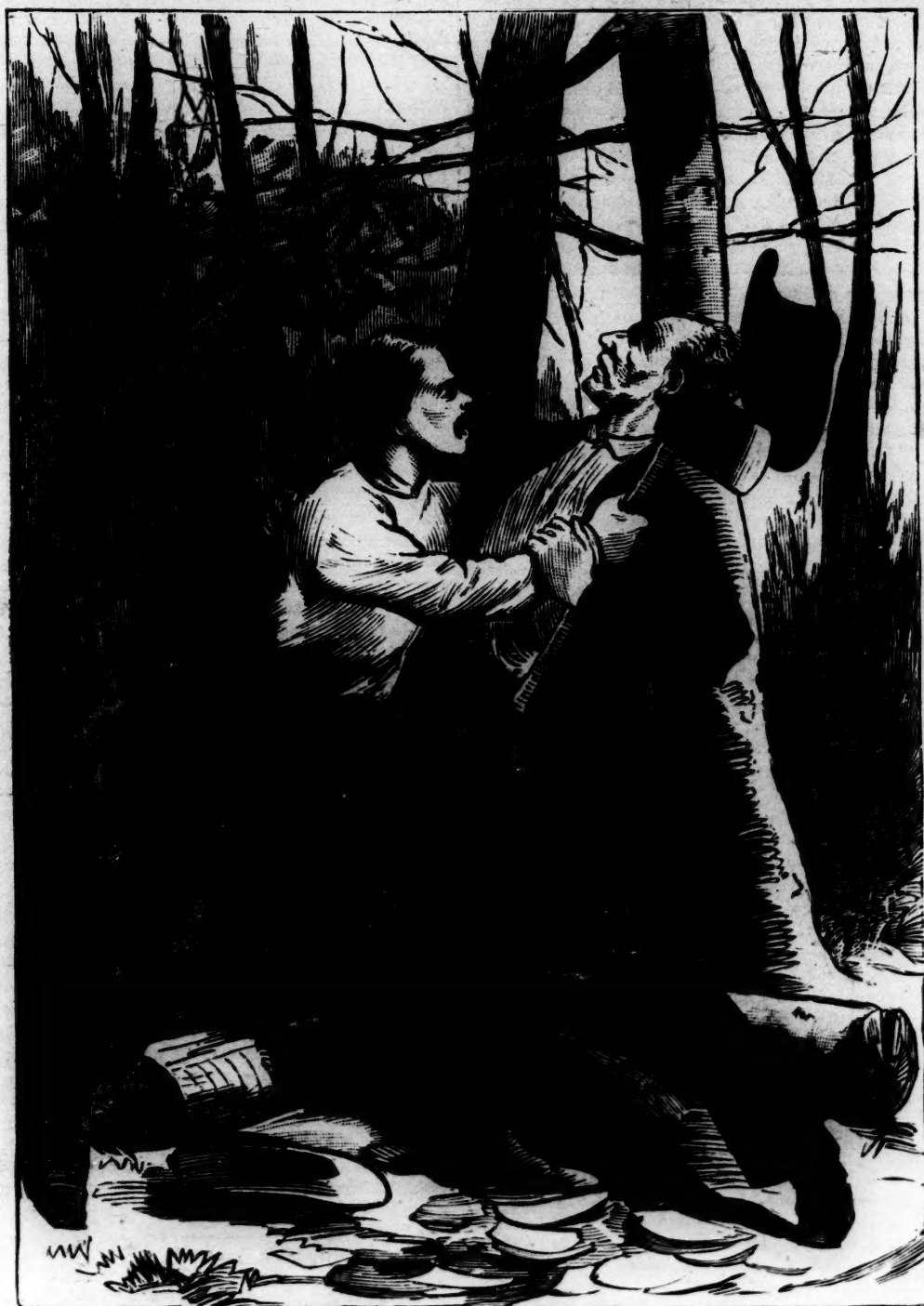
JOS. LUSIGER, ALIAS KING, A CHICAGO, "CRACKSMAN," WANTED IN ST. LOUIS.—SEE PAGE 2.

Playle, but says it was done in self-defense. The statement made by Richardson corroborates Tunnells' testimony, and it is probable that Tunnells will be acquitted.

Discovery of a Missing Man's Remains.

[Subject of Illustration.]

INOWRON, Ohio, March 14.—About four weeks ago, Patrick Curran left his home at Princess Furnace and went home to Buckhorn, where he stopped with a man named Stewart. During the night he jumped from his bed through the window and nothing had been heard from him until the morning of the 8th a dog brought in an arm. A search was immediately instituted by the citizens, and his bones and clothing were found scattered in a deep hollow about two miles from the Furnace. He was evidently deranged and died of hunger and exposure.



JAMES PLAYLE RECEIVES A FATAL BLOW FROM HIS SON-IN-LAW, WILLIAM H. H. TUNNELLS, DURING A QUARREL WHICH HE HAD FORCED UPON THE LATTER, NEAR MONTEZUMA, IOWA.



THE GHASTLY RELIC, BROUGHT BY A DOG TO ITS MASTER, WHICH LED TO THE DISCOVERY OF THE REMAINS OF PATRICK CURRAN, A MISSING MAN, AT PRINCESS FURNACE, OHIO.

THE ALSTON AFFRAY.

Details of the Deplorable Tragedy of which
Colonel Robert A. Alston was
the Victim.

A FIGHTING FAMILY.

Annals of a Remarkable Race of Brave and
Reckless Representatives of Southern
Chivalry

WHO ALL DIE WITH THEIR BOOTS ON.

[With Illustration and Portrait.]

ATLANTA, Ga., March 17.—No event in this section of a similar character in almost a quarter of a century has created such wide-spread excitement and profound feeling as the fatal shooting of Colonel Robert A. Alston, in the state Capitol, in this city, on Tuesday last, 11th inst., by Captain Edward Cox, already reported in the GAZETTE. The occurrence revives memories of the fighting Alstons, who once ranked as, perhaps, the most famous families of the old fire-eating times of the days of "chivalry."

The history of this audacious strain of blood is interwoven with the history of those turbulent days when gentlemen fought at the drop of a hat, and a slight movement of the pistol finger was the answer to all insult or insinuation—the close of all argument.

The Alstons were gallant men of gentle blood and usually large fortunes. They were free livers and utterly reckless fighters, and frequently became involved in difficulties that drained their estates with costs and forfeitures. The best known of them, probably, Colonel Ben Alston, had several affairs of honor and wounded his antagonist every time that he went to the field. He was an imperious, passionate man, and as cool under fire as he would be in his drawing-room. His most notable duel was with Hayne, whom he wounded in the knee. On one occasion he was visiting in Augusta, when a gentleman, mistaking him for an acquaintance, tapped him across the shoulders with a riding whip. Alston wheeled as quick as lightning. The gentleman apologized in the most ample terms. Alston took the whip from his hands, lashed him across the back and then said, "Now, sir."

"YOUR APOLOGY IS ACCEPTED."

Of course a meeting followed. It is said that Alston once fought a gentleman who disputed the age of some wine of which Alston had been boasting, throwing some of the wine in his face that he might get its full flavor.

Colonel Bob Alston came of the family known as the Halifax Alstons. Their estates lay about Halifax, N. C., and they dominated that whole section for years. They were enormously wealthy and traveled from one of their estates to another in almost regal state. They had hundreds of slaves, and always traveled with a coach and four and a small army of retainers. The men were princely in their habits of expense and put the "code" above the Bible. The women were high strung and spirited. Mrs. Bob Alston, the grandmother of the subject of this sketch, always carried her own sheets and pillows with her when she traveled, and a case of loaf sugar. "I have known her," says Colonel Tom Howard, a connection, "to put \$100 on a cock-fight, with her own birds, and then stand and watch the struggle to the death." Colonel Willis Alston, known as "Honest Willis Alston," the grand uncle of Bob Alston, fought a dozen duels in one winter, numberless quarrels having sprung from his assaults on a defaulting state treasurer. He killed two men and

WAS HIMSELF FREQUENTLY WOUNDED.

His favorite was an old-fashioned "yager," which is a sort of blunderbuss, carrying a double handful of buck shot, and of fearful execution.

Old Colonel Alston, who was himself killed in a duel, had three sons—Willis, Gideon and Augustus. Willis Alston was the father of Colonel R. A. Alston. Each of these brothers came to his death by violence, or died, as the family tradition runs, "in his boots." Gideon Alston, the first of the three to die, was killed in a peculiar manner. His brother Willis was in Nashville, on a lordly frolic, when he became very much enamored of the lady who afterward married Sam Houston—a Miss Trimble, I believe. He paid her assiduous suit for several months, and, while engaged in this dalliance, formed an attachment for a young Spanish boy, named Pelat. This boy was friendless and poor, and Alston adopted him, taking him home with him when he left Nashville. It appears that there was some feeling between Pelat and Gideon Alston; at any rate they left the house at night and went into the yard for the purpose of

"PRACTICING WITH THEIR PISTOLS."

Gideon was then a college boy, having just turned sophomore in the State University. In a few moments after he left the house with Pelat he was found in the yard, with a pistol bullet through his brain. Pelat said that he had shot himself accidentally, and this is all that was ever known of the matter.

And now comes one of the most remarkable tragedies in the history of this section so full of tragedies. There was living in Florida, then a primitive region, young Lee Reed, a man of great ability, gentleness and courage. He was almost idolized by the people of that state for his gallant services in the fierce Indian wars, having by his skill and fearlessness several times saved the little colony from destruction by the Seminoles and their allies. A story is told of him that will illustrate his character and at the same time show how delicate was the sense of personal honor at that time. General Reed was a political opponent of Governor Call's son and at the same time his personal friend. Political feeling ran very high, and on election day a Mr. White made some reflections upon the integrity of Governor Call. Reed at once

CHALLENGED HIM FOR A DUEL.

The men went, were desperately wounded and behaved with great gallantry, fighting, it is said, with bowie knives, their left hands being strapped together. Some time afterward Reed became involved in a difficulty with the Alstons. Concerning this affair Colonel R. A. Alston himself said that an article appeared in a newspaper reflecting on Governor Call, Colonel Augustus Alston, who was the leader of the Call faction, demanded the name of the author. He was furnished with the name of General Reed, who was the leader of the opposite faction. He at once challenged General Reed, and a meeting was arranged. The weapons selected were "yagers," this deadly weapon being, as I have said, a favorite with the Alstons. Colonel Alston was attended by Mr. Kenon, his brother-in-law. At the word "One" Colonel Alston's gun exploded, it being hair-triggered. The contents were discharged into the air. General Reed, aiming with deliberation, fired, and Colonel Alston dropped dead in his tracks. His sister, a most spirited woman, was nearly crazed at the news of his death. She secured the lead that had killed him, and with her own hands she moulded it into bullets and sent them to her brother, Willis Alston, the father of R. A. Alston, and implored him to come and

AVENGE THE DEATH OF HIS BROTHER.

She wrote that he had been murdered, and the Alstons adhered to this belief, although the general statement is that the meeting was a fair one, General Reed using only his just right in firing after the explosion of Alston's "yager." At any rate it was very well understood that Willis Alston would seek revenge for his brother's death, as the family for generations had made one of all their quarrels. The first meeting between Alston and Reed was dramatic. The Legislature had just met, and Reed had been elected speaker. He was a young man, of exceptional power and popularity, and his life promised to be brilliant and illustrious. He had invited his friends to the usual legislative supper, and the banquet was in progress, everything going merrily and well. Suddenly a tall figure, muffled in a swinging cloak and with a slouch hat drawn down over the face, stalked through the open door. Without a word he made for the head of the table, where General Reed was sitting. Instantly cries of "Alston! Alston!" arose and ran down the table. At these cries the cloak was thrown back and Alston was recognized. Reed rose from his seat, and, whipping a pistol out of his pocket, levelled it at his assailant and fired. The ball struck Alston in his up-lifted hand, carrying away two fingers. This did not stop him, but brandishing a bowie knife,

HE CLOSED ON REED.

Before the men could be parted, Reed was cut pretty severely, and Alston, I believe, wounded again. Alston was taken from the room, and for some months nothing more was heard of the matter. One day General Reed was walking down the streets of Tallahassee, when he was fired upon by Colonel Alston. The contents of one barrel of a shot-gun was poured into his shoulder, and as he turned to confront his assailant the other load went into his heart. He fell and died. Colonel Alston's friends say that he had given Reed notice that he intended to kill him on sight.

Willis Alston went to Texas, where he lived for some time. He settled near Brazoria. There was a Dr. Stewart, who, for some reason or other, pursued the matter of the Reed killing, and used remarks derogatory to Alston. Alston, hearing of it, wrote the remarks down, and meeting Stewart on the prairie one day asked him to say whether or not he was responsible for those remarks. Dr. Stewart took the paper, and, while pretending to read it, put his hand into his holsters and drew his pistols. He jumped off his horse on the side opposite Alston and fired into him. A desperate fight ensued, in which Alston was shot twice and his stomach

SO CUT THAT HIS BOWELS PROTRUDED.

He killed Stewart, however, pouring a load of buck-shot into him after he was prone upon the earth. He was taken to jail almost dead. He was a famous fighter, and procuring a fiddle sat there "with his entrails protruding," as he wrote to a friend, playing the old tunes of his boyhood. His body-servant gained admission to his cell and had a coil of rope wrapped about his body. With this he was going to try and escape. Suddenly a mob assaulted the jail, overpowered the sheriff, broke in the doors and seized Colonel Alston. He was game to the last, and added up to the very instant he was seized, his dauntless face looking full upon his assailants. He was tumbled into a blanket, the ends twisted, and he was then hustled out of the jail. Once out into the street he was thrown to the ground, still enveloped in the blanket, and a hundred bullets were poured into his body. Thus died the last of the "Halifax Alstons." They were a remarkably athletic and handsome race of men. Gideon, who was killed by Pelat, is always cited as the handsomest youngster of his day. It may be said here that the young Castillon who killed him was put into the navy as a midshipman and was drowned in the Mediterranean. Willis Alston was a man of wonderful strength. He once shouldered a load of 800 pounds dead weight and carried it through the streets of Sparta on a bet.

HIS LIFE WAS A STORMY ONE.

His feud with the Ingrams, a brave and powerful family, was the sensation of Georgia for the time it lasted. He always carried his "yager" with him, and escaped the whole difficulty with only one finger shot away. This feud was dramatized under the title of "The Watch," and sold largely. Its authors were never discovered or they would have been killed, as the heroes of that day did not tolerate the publication of their troubles. The manuscript was discovered one morning in the yard of a fearless widow, who published it herself and sold it, making a great deal of money by it.

Colonel R. A. Alston was a remarkable man. Filled with all the chivalry, fearlessness and hot-headedness of his race, he dreaded, above all other things, meeting an end like his ancestors. It was not fear, for an Alston does not know what fear is. He was as brave a man as ever lived. In the army, as one of Mor-

gan's lieutenants, he was the most reckless and daring of them all. He once actually had a biscuit shot from between his teeth, but with a laugh he continued his breakfast. Concerning the fatality attending his family, he remarked upon one occasion, "I have a boy who is a hot-headed fellow himself, and I have taken my wife's hand in mine many a time and kneeled with her by the bedside and prayed to God that I might bequeath him a legacy of peace and a quiet death." It was his highest ambition, as he has often said, to break the old tradition that,

"AN ALSTON MUST DIE WITH HIS BOOTS ON."

Another time he was going to a hostile meeting with Colonel E. Y. Clarke, of a rival newspaper, and was about to take a midnight train. Suddenly he turned to a dark wall, and, leaning his head on his hand, prayed aloud that God might spare him the death his people had died, and allow him to live in peace till a quiet death could claim him. He never believed, however, that this would be granted him. It made him gloomy to talk of it, but to his friends he would say that he knew his destiny was to die "the Alston death." He even had a superstition that a certain man was going to kill him. There had never been any trouble between them, but Alston always said, "That man is my fate." The man was his friend, and never became anything else. Despite these gloomy thoughts, Alston was a devout believer in the code. After he had joined the church he still adhered to his belief. "It is a peacemaker," he said. In South Carolina, where the code stood above the state law, there never was so quiet and decorous a community. In Charleston county there was not a murder in eighteen years, and the files of the Charleston Courier for nearly twenty-five years do not show the use of the word "liar" or "scoundrel" or any similar epithets a single time. There were no street fights or rows, and no assassinations. A high code of honor was established, and it

MADE EVEN COWARDS BRAVE MEN.

He used to tell of a Carolina Judge, Mr. Pettigrew, who, having two men before him for trying to fight a duel, said: "Gentlemen, it will take me an hour to write out these warrants. In the meantime there is a steamer at my wharf that can take you out of my jurisdiction, so that you can complete your work before I could hold you." Colonel Alston never fought a duel himself, though he issued and accepted several challenges. The conservative spirit of these latter days almost always settles these matters without the exchange of shots. While Alston would have died before he would have submitted to a dishonorable compromise, I know what stubborn heroism it required to carry him into an affair of honor. He shrank with horror from such test. His whole life was overshadowed by the memory of his ancestors and their bloody ends. He was a recognized authority on matters of the code, and was usually called into all prominent affairs. While he was tenacious of the honor of his principals, he never stickled for technicalities, and usually succeeded in adjusting the differences. Only once was he second in a fatal meeting. He attended young McGraw, of Charleston, and loaded the pistol that killed Tabor. There had appeared in the Charleston Mercury a communication assailing Judge McGraw, signed with a non de plume. Contrary to the usual practice of demanding the name of the author of the offensive article, Alston demanded for McGraw satisfaction of Tabor and his two editorial associates, holding that the gravamen of the offense was in the publication. The name of the author was offered and declined. Tabor then

ANNOUNCED HIMSELF RESPONSIBLE.

McGraw, through Alston, challenged the three editors, naming Tabor first. The parties went to the field. At the second shot Tabor jumped straight into the air, fell upon his back, shivered and died. McGraw was unhurt, and the affair stopped there.

Alston had been engaged in many personal encounters, but never had been seriously hurt. It was harder for him to take an insinuation of insult than for almost anyone else, but he always repressed his anger, and, if possible, avoided trouble. He was a fine talker, a genial gentleman, of winning address, and those saved him from many difficulties that his impetuosity would have led him into. His favorite maxim, however, was the saying of Sir Boyle Roach, "The best way to avoid danger is to meet it plumply!" and his boldness often sufficed where extemporizing would have failed. In the trouble that led to his death, after he had been sent off by Cox to arm himself, his first impulse was to get a double-barreled shot-gun and go and look up Cox and kill him. He was thoroughly acquainted with the violent habits of his enemy, and knew best how to meet them. He was dissuaded from this course, however, by Governor Colquitt and others. He was very much depressed at the idea that Cox was hunting him down, and seemed to have a premonition of what was coming. He said, throwing himself into a chair in the treasurer's office, "It is awful hard to know that a man is dogging you, and that you have

"GOT TO KILL HIM OR BE KILLED."

Instead of going off to arm himself he went into a restaurant to get some dinner. He ate heartily, but was very much worried. At length he was persuaded to take a pistol, getting one that he had never seen before, a self-cocking six-shooter. When he entered the treasurer's office he seemed relieved to think he had found a retreat from the trouble. No sort of personal fear moved him, but the idea of bloodshed seemed to sicken him. When he saw Cox enter and half draw his pistol at a man evidently mistaken for him he seemed to know that his time had come. He grew a shade paler and his face hardened and grew stern. His first word, though, was an appeal, "I am not going to have any difficulty with you," he said; "you must let me alone." Cox still persisted, however, growing angrier all the time. At length, when he stepped back and closed the door and said, "I will force you, sir," he seemed to give up all hope. Captain John Nelms, his friend, who witnessed it all, describes the scenes that followed: "Colonel Bob rose quiet and calm, just like he was going to make a speech. There was not a tremor about him. 'All right,' he says, 'we'll have it out right here. Are you

armed?' With that he drew his pistol. Cox's was already out. I threw myself between them and said, 'No you don't, gentlemen!' Colonel Bob thrust his hand over my shoulder and fired, striking Cox in his mouth. At the same time Cox fired and the ball went through my whiskers. Their hands nearly crossed as they fired. I still held them apart. They fired again by me, and I then turned them loose. Cox was jumping and dodging around, but Colonel Bob never moved. He

STOOD STRAIGHT AS A STATUE.

After firing his fourth shot he turned his face to me and smiled that peculiar smile he has. As he turned he pulled the trigger again and his pistol snapped. Then Cox fired again, and I saw a red spot ooze out in Colonel Bob's temple. Cox was trying to cock his pistol again when I jumped in and threw him back, catching Colonel Bob. He sank in my arms. When I turned, Cox was sitting in a chair spitting blood, with his pistol on a table. He said, "I am a dead man." I cut Colonel Bob's shirt open. State Treasurer Raynor says that Alston put both his hands on Cox's breast, and said, "Ed, for God's sake, let us have no difficulty. I don't want to kill you; you shouldn't want to kill me."

Alston had a peculiarly winning and handsome face, and a semi-military manner. He stood like a statue while shooting, his handsome face set and stern, with the old Alston fire blazing from his eyes, turning his erect figure by military half wheels to present his side always to his shifting enemy. After he had been shot down Mr. Ed. Mercer, who knew of his forebodings about dying with his boots on, said, "He shall not die in his boots, by God!" and tenderly took them off. The scene at the death-bed was

AFFECTING IN THE EXTREME.

Only the most intimate friends and the family were admitted, a force of police beating back the host that surged against the doors. As it was evident that he must die in a few moments, Mrs. Alston asked Governor Colquitt, who was kneeling by the bedside, and who was devotedly attached to the dying man, to pray. With a voice broken with emotion, holding Alston's hand, the Governor prayed aloud, while every head in the room was bowed and every eye streamed with tears. And thus without a shudder, hardly a moan, his face peaceful and half smiling, he died in his bed, his wife and friends about him, prayers going to God with his fleeting soul, and only the ghastly blue-red hole in his temple to tell that the old Alston destiny had overtaken him and that he had left the old Alston heritage to his son.

He leaves two brothers, one a prominent Alabamian and the other living on his place—both most excellent gentlemen. He leaves a wife and four children—a devoted and admirable family. They have a fine plantation, but the noble generosity of Colonel Alston's life leaves little else. He was a true man, a gallant friend, a rising statesman. The whole city and thousands of friends throughout the Union mourn his death. Cox is getting better, but will be sent to jail to await his trial.

Hoyt, the Parlied, Convicted.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., March 20.—The trial of Edwin Hoyt, the Sherman parricide, was ended to day. Soon after the opening this morning Judge Sanford began his charge to the jury. Hoyt sat during the charge to the jury with his eyes wandering about the room in all directions, evidently having the utmost confidence in the manner in which his counsel had defended his case, thinking that they had fully established his insanity and that, possibly, he would be acquitted. Judge Sanford, in his address to the jury, instructed them as to their duty, reviewed the evidence and the claims of the defense and the prosecution.

The jury retired at fifteen minutes past ten and returned in fifty minutes. "What say you," said the clerk, "is the prisoner guilty of the crime for which he stands charged?" "Guilty," said the foreman. "What degree?" asked the clerk. "First degree," said the foreman. Hoyt stood facing the foreman during this time, his eyes on the floor and received the verdict calmly, exhibiting not the slightest emotion, save in the deep flush which was visible on his face. After the words "first degree" had fallen from the lips of the foreman Hoyt dropped into his seat and then directed his attention toward his counsel. One of the counsel for the prisoner said that the Judge's charge was the most brutal charge that he ever heard, and felt rather grieved to think that he did not refer to moral mania at all.

Hoyt's wife has not been near him during the trial. His counsel, it is said, communicated with her to see if she would not appear in the court-room bowed down with feigned grief for the purpose of eliciting sympathy. Mrs. Hoyt refused to do this, not wishing to play any such role, but, on the contrary, said that she thought that he ought to suffer the extreme penalty of the law.

An Actor Killed by a Texas Rough.

At Marshall, Texas, on the night of the 19th, after the Ward-Barrimore Combination had finished playing, the company went to the depot to await a train. Maurice Barrimore, B. C. Porter, and Miss Josephine Baker, were in the lunch-room, when James Currie, a detective, entered, and made slighting remarks about Miss Baker, to which exceptions were taken by Barrimore and Porter. After some words Currie drew a pistol and shot Porter in the abdomen, killing him almost instantly. Then, turning, he shot Barrimore through the elbow, the ball coming out under the left shoulder, and making a severe if not dangerous wound. Porter and Barrimore were unarmed. Currie was lodged in jail.

Lynchers Foiled.

FRANKLIN, Ky., March 18.—A party of twenty men collected here last night for the purpose of lynching A. B. Porter, who, it is alleged, seduced Miss Katie Hope, of this city, some days ago, but were unable to find him.

A NOVEL TABLEAU.

The Startling Spectacle Presented to the Astonished Gaze of the Workmen in a Cincinnati Foundry by the

UNEXPECTED APPARITION

Of a Jealous Wife in Hot Pursuit of her Alleged Rival, Amid the Blazing Furnaces and Molten Metal.

WHY THE CHASE STOPPED SHORT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

CINCINNATI, O., March 17.—Mr. E. C. Specht, a middle-aged family man, of this city, who is the boss of the Star Galvanized Cornice Works, had in his employ as a domestic in his family a remarkably handsome brunette, named Carrie Geiser, over whose head but twenty summers, and as many falls, had rolled. Mr. Specht soon forgot, in the presence of the fair Carrie, his vows of wedded constancy, and the girl soon carried his head by storm. The deluded wife did not suspect the treachery that, like a canker-worm, began gnawing at the foot of the family tree, almost from the first appearance of the brunette, and the amorous glances and sly winks that were exchanged between the infatuated pair passed by her as the idle wind which she saw not.

At length the festive cornice-maker conceived a plan by which he could enjoy the society of his enlaver

AND NOT RISK DETECTION.

Renting a room in a cottage in rear of the building of the Eureka Stock Company's foundry on Gest street, occupied by a workman of his named A. Elmi-ger, he furnished it handsomely, and installed as its mistress Miss Geiser. This was accomplished while the confiding wife was ruminating in a country village, whither she had gone for the benefit of her health, little dreaming that her conjugal partner was cutting up such "high jinks." A few days ago Mrs. Specht returned to her now desolate hearthstone, and by the kindness of her gossiping neighbors learned of the new domestic arrangement that was in operation in "love's cottage." To say that her whole soul was up in arms would be drawing it decidedly mild. She was frantic with rage and jealousy, and determined to feast on the liver of her rival. Yesterday evening, armed with an umbrella, and a whole dictionary of epithets, she pranced down to the cottage to reconnoiter. The guilty girl happened to be sitting at the front door,

BATHING HER BEAUTY IN THE SUN.

The wife approached her from the rear, and got within a few feet of her before she was discovered. But just as that umbrella was raised on high, aimed at the defenseless head of raven hair, its owner caught sight of a pair of wildly-glaring eyes, which darted forth destruction and hate. With a cry of surprise, mingled with fear, Carrie jumped and ran. Away she flew, as if on wings of the wind, with the wife and her umbrella a neck or so behind. Steering for the foundry of Redway & Burton, at the corner of Richmond and Harriet streets, the girl passed inside the open door and encountered a molder who was in the act of pouring a pot of molten metal into a mold. To topple against this man and metal would be almost certain death, so she bounded over the man's stooped form with the grace of a startled fawn, and continued her break-neck pace to the rear of the foundry, while the startled workmen gazed after her with mingled awe and admiration. But the elderly lady close behind

INSPIRED THE MOST AWE.

She galloped after the retreating fugitive with a determination worthy of a better cause, but still was only a good second in the race. At the rear of the establishment another obstacle presented itself. This was the nude figure of a workman who was "washing up" preparatory to going home. Carrie heeded not this trifling impediment, but kept right on, her flashing eyes fixed intently upon an alley gate, by which she hoped to escape. Her hopes were realized. The undressed workman had proved an insurmountable barrier to the pursuer; she stopped, hesitated, blushed and—lost the race. Carrie had slipped through the gate, and by the time Mrs. Specht had recovered her presence of mind, the portal was locked by one of the men whose sympathy had been excited by Carrie's look of distress and a sight of the carrier of the umbrella, and by this little act of generosity a tragedy was averted, an outraged wife was foiled and a fleeing female was triumphant.

MARITAL MISERY.

What the Wife of a Gentleman Yachtsman Alleged Concerning the Conjugal Behavior of her Fashionable Consort.

A divorce suit which possesses more than usual interest has recently been decided by referee Merritt Sawyer, of this city, to whom it was referred by order of the Judge of the Supreme Court of this city. Both the parties to the suit have moved in the highest circles, and great interest has been manifested in the case. The plaintiff is Mrs. Emma J. Dowling, and the defendant her husband, John C. Dowling, of Harlem, a well known contractor, speculator and yachtsman. He is a son of a very wealthy man, dresses handsomely, and has been in the habit of driving fast horses. According to his own allegations he squandered \$30,000 in a few years. He has the reputation now of being wealthy, but has lately sworn that he has no property at all, being dependent entirely upon his father for support. The plaintiff in the suit, Mrs. Emma J. Dowling, is a woman

OF EXCEEDINGLY ATTRACTIVE APPEARANCE.

She meets the entire requirements of female beauty,

according the fashion-plates of ladies' magazines, for she is tall, slim, finely developed, with small tapering waist, has large brown eyes, dark hair, and is exceedingly lady-like in her appearance and actions. Family jars seem to have begun very soon after their marriage, and, according to her testimony and that of other witnesses, he began a series of annoyances against her as soon as he discovered that he could not obtain possession of a fortune which he himself alleges he believed her to possess when he married her. He was the first to resort to the law, and a few months ago brought suit against her, charging her with ill-treatment. In answer she denies his allegation, but alleged outrageous conduct on his part. Proceedings seemed to have been dropped in this suit; he took no further action, and she then made application for alimony. In her affidavit supporting the motion, she charges him with cruelly ill-treating her, with drawing a revolver upon her and on several occasions even

THREATENING HER LIFE.

She asserted that upon one cold night last January, while he was in one of the ungovernable paroxysms of rage, he thrust her forth from their bed-chamber, and forced her to sleep in the bath-room, where there was no fire, nor any clothing to cover her. There he kept her, she said, locked up until the next morning. She also accused him of bearing improper relations with another woman, and frequenting houses of ill-repute. Her husband denied these assertions, and in his counter charge alleges that an assemblyman of a Brooklyn district had been unduly intimate with Mrs. Dowling, and had wrecked the happiness of his family. Apropos of this, it is stated that the man's name was also mentioned in connection with the Crimmins divorce suit, which was settled last month, and a singular coincidence is the fact "at John C. Dowling was the groomsman in the Crimmins marriage that was celebrated with éclat at the time. The gentleman, however, was very properly exonerated from any criminal complicity in the matter as charged by Mr. Dowling, and a decree of the court was given ordering Mr. Dowling to pay his wife as alimony \$10 per week for the support of herself and child and \$200 counsel fee. Mr. Dowling, however, failed to pay, and is now in the jail limits.

She alleges that she lived with him as his wife until September 11, 1878, when she returned to the house of her father, Mr. Reis. He has been a very wealthy man, and was at one time employed as tutor to James Gordon Bennett, the present proprietor of the Herald. She swore that her husband ordered her to leave the house, and refused to further

PROVIDE FOR OR SUPPORT HER.

She declared that she had no property of value; that her husband in last July borrowed her gold watch for a day or two but never returned it, and she believes he has sold or pawned it. She declared that at the time of their marriage her father and mother were wealthy, but within a year afterward they became poor. As soon as they became embarrassed, she alleges, her husband began his ill-treatment, told her continually he married her for her money, and now that she had none he did not care for her, as he wanted only a rich wife.

Afterwards he told her that he did not regard her as his wife and she might as well understand it first as last. She asserts that he squandered in various ways \$12,000 a year. He claimed to have become so poor that he advertised her furniture for sale, which had been given her by her father. She expresses the belief that he is not so poor as he claims, and yet owns the yacht "Emma D." and has other property concealed from her. She becomes, she declares, in daily fear of her life at his hands, and on one occasion he would have harmed her had it not been for the interference of Mary Ann Conlon, a servant living with them.

Finally Mrs. Dowling brought suit in the Supreme Court against her husband for an absolute divorce on the ground of adultery. The case was referred to Mr. Sawyer, who has been taking testimony for weeks, and he has decided she is entitled to the redress demanded. The testimony was confined simply to

THE ALLEGATIONS OF ADULTERY.

In her complaint she alleges they were married October 4, 1874, and that she continued to live with him in all respects as his wife until September 11, 1878. She charges him with having committed adultery at various times and places, especially during the year 1876, and more especially in October of that year, with some persons whose names she does not know, at a house on East Thirty-first street, and at the place of residence of the late famous Jennie Mitchell, West Thirty-first street, and also at a house of ill-repute on East Eleventh street. She also charges him with repeating these offenses at intervals during the past three years. She says that she knew nothing of this misconduct until September 11, 1878, except from his own intimations and inferences that he had been guilty of marital infidelity. She declares that her husband is subject to most violent and uncontrollable fits of passion, his temper at times becoming almost frenzied, and that he has formed very intemperate habits. She has one child, William, three years old, now in her custody. The defendant to this, set up a general denial, admitting the marriage and paternity of the child, but denying the acts of infidelity and harsh treatment. On Tuesday, 11th inst., the plaintiff's case was closed. The defendant called no witness. The summing up took place on the following day, and the referee's report recommending the decree of divorce was sent to the Court on Saturday, 15th.

The Kentucky Ku-klux Again.

WINCHESTER, Ky., March 15.—Richardson, another member of the Moore Ku-klux gang, was arrested today. Our jail is guarded by twenty brave, determined men. Scouting parties from the haunts of the Ku-klux come in every few hours to reconnoiter. Over one hundred are reported near town ready to make a dash at the jail to-night, and bloodshed is imminent. Officers and citizens are working together, and will salivate the mob if they come.

FREED FROM FETTERS.

General Lawrence's Suit for Freedom from the Woman who, he Claimed, had Dishonored him, Decided in his Favor by Evidence which Satisfied the Court of his Wife's Criminality.

NEWPORT, R. I., March 17.—The suit of General Albert G. Lawrence, for a decree of divorce from his wife, Eva Lawrence, was heard to-day, and a decree granted, no defense being made by Mrs. Lawrence's counsel. General Lawrence is the son of ex-Governor William Beach Lawrence, of Rhode Island, who is widely known as an authority on international law. Mrs. Lawrence is a grand-niece of General Zachary Taylor, and was the widow of Captain Kingsley when General Lawrence married her. Captain Kingsley was killed at Antietam, and was serving at the time on General Lawrence's staff. He was the heir, with a sister and brother, to great wealth, principally in Chicago real-estate. The sister was married to General Simon B. Buckner, of the Confederate army. After Captain Kingsley's death, his widow went to Baltimore with her son, then a child of three years, and

RESIDED WITH HER MOTHER.

General Lawrence remained at the head of his command until so severely wounded while leading a charge at Fort Fisher, that his life was despaired of, he recovered with the loss of one arm, and with scars of wounds upon his other arm and on his neck. He was married at his father's residence in Newport to Captain Kingsley's widow on February 25th, 1865, and is said to have lived happily with his wife until some time in 1875. Much of their time was passed in Washington during the winter season, while the summer months were spent in Newport, Rye Beach and at the Pequot House in New London. They also lived a year or more in Europe.

General Lawrence, after the war, spent much of his time in caring for the estate of his wife and her son, which came to them through Captain Kingsley. There were complications in the settlement of this estate, owing to the fact that General Buckner had, when entering the Confederate service, transferred his property to his brother-in-law, Captain Kingsley, to

TO PREVENT CONFISCATION.

Captain Kingsley recognized this as a trust estate merely in the will that he drew up just before the battle of Antietam. But the will was declared invalid, and therefore the whole property, estimated at several millions, went to Mrs. Kingsley and the son. Subsequently General Buckner brought suit for the property and offered the will to prove that Captain Kingsley held the estate in trust only, and he won the suit. Still there was a large property left for Captain Kingsley's heirs. In 1875 General Lawrence accepted an appointment from General Grant to serve on a commission that went to the Black Hills, and it is alleged that it was during his absence that Mrs. Lawrence became unduly intimate with Amédée Vanden Nest, the Secretary of the Belgian legation at Washington. General Lawrence for a long time is said to have been in ignorance of the loss of his wife's affections, but in the summer of 1877, while in New London, he was obliged peremptorily to forbid Vanden Nest further acquaintance with Mrs. Lawrence. The intimacy was renewed, and during his absence from Newport in the winter of 1878 Mrs. Lawrence sailed for Europe, and was followed by Vanden Nest, who obtained a leave of absence. He was subsequently

DISMISSED THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE.

General Lawrence became satisfied that his wife intended to leave him permanently, and soon after found compromising letters in Vanden Nest's handwriting.

These letters were submitted to Mr. Carroll Livingston, of New York, and Mr. Brigham Willing, of Philadelphia, who were personal friends of General Lawrence. They accepted a delicate mission from General Lawrence, and, finding Vanden Nest in London, showed him the letters, and demanded either an acknowledgment or denial from him of being their author. He admitted that he wrote them, and consented to meet General Lawrence, who had also sailed for Europe, on the field, a few miles from Brussels, within ten days. The meeting took place. Mr. Carroll Livingston acted as General Lawrence's friend, and a cousin of Vanden Nest's performed the same office for him. It is also understood that Mr. James Gordon Bennett was on the field. General Lawrence is reported to have fired first without effect, and Vanden Nest then discharged his pistol in the air. There was no other exchange of shots. General Lawrence returned to Newport in September, and at once began the suit that was heard to-day. It has been understood that Mrs. Lawrence would make no defense in case only sufficient evidence was offered

TO SECURE THE DIVORCE.

Mrs. Lawrence has been living since the duel in Paris.

Mr. Francis B. Peckham, Jr., opened the case this morning for General Lawrence by reading the charges as contained in the complaint sworn and subscribed to by General Lawrence and on file with the Court. The first witness was Mr. Isaac Lawrence, who testified as follows:

"I am the brother of Albert G. Lawrence, the plaintiff in this suit. I know him and his wife. They resided at my father's house, Ochre Point, for five or six years. My brother has resided there since February of last year. I have not seen his wife for nearly two years. I have seen their child. The mother has had no communication with it for over a year. I was informed last year that Mrs. Lawrence had left her hotel in New York and gone abroad. I have not seen Mrs. Lawrence and the General together for a long time, certainly not since February, 1878. If the mother and the child had had any communication I should have known it."

The witness was not cross-examined.

Mr. Peckham then called Marie Klein, and there stepped to the clerk's desk an intelligent appearing young woman of about twenty-eight years of age. She gave her testimony in a clear voice, but with a decided French accent. After testifying at some length that she had been governess to General Law-

rence's child since its birth; that she knew Mr. Vanden Nest to

VISIT THE DEFENDANT LATE AT NIGHT.

This was in Gray's Hotel, Washington, she said that in 1875 and 1876 she went to Rye Beach with Mrs. Lawrence, and that Vanden Nest followed them there each year. In 1875 he used to visit Mrs. Lawrence in the parlor of the Rye Beach House, and remain until one and two o'clock in the morning. Other parts of her testimony pointed clearly to the criminal intimacy. At New London two years ago the general forbade Mr. Vanden Nest to visit his wife. After that she discovered through a friend, that Mr. Vanden Nest was sending telegrams and letters to Mrs. Lawrence in her (witness's) name. She told Mrs. Lawrence to discontinue it, but afterward witness received a letter addressed in her name, but it did not belong to her. Plaintiff's counsel handed her a paper, and witness recognized it as a copy of the original letter she had received. It read as follows:

"WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

"MY DEAREST—Mrs. Turnbull has just told me that he must have left to-day for Newport. What are you going to do? I wish I could know how to see you somewhere. I am sorry and repentant at the letter I wrote you on Sunday. Pray forgive me, and don't be any longer angry. I love you, and I want you, and

I SHALL HAVE YOU, COME WHEAT MAY.

I am tired of waiting. Tell me that you love me, and that you are coming to make me happy, and I will give up my career, and we will go away and travel or rusticate somewhere. I will regret nothing with you, and I will have nothing more to wish for. I can barely admit the thought of living without you. * * * I am almost crazy with wishes for you. Don't keep me responsible for my ill temper. I think that I am never mad but away from you. Why did you make me love you so much? Please answer this at once. Mail the answer to the hotel, that I may have it Friday. Be kind and good to me. I will love you so much. I hate the life I lead. Tell me where I would see you. I want you; I want you. Your own, faithfully."

There was no signature. This concluded the examination of Miss Klein, and Counsellor Peckham then read the affidavit of Mr. Carroll Livingston, which proved that he took the original of this letter to Mr. Vanden Nest in London, and that gentleman acknowledged having written it. This was plaintiff's case.

The Court (to Mr. Honey)—Have you anything to offer?

Mr. Honey—No, your honor.

The Court (to Mr. Peckham)—I am satisfied with the testimony, Mr. Peckham, and will grant a divorce at once.

The decree was made out in the usual way, with the following addition: "And it is ordered, adjudged, and decreed that the aforesaid Albert G. Lawrence have the sole custody, care and keeping of the before-named minor child, Esther Gracie Lawrence."

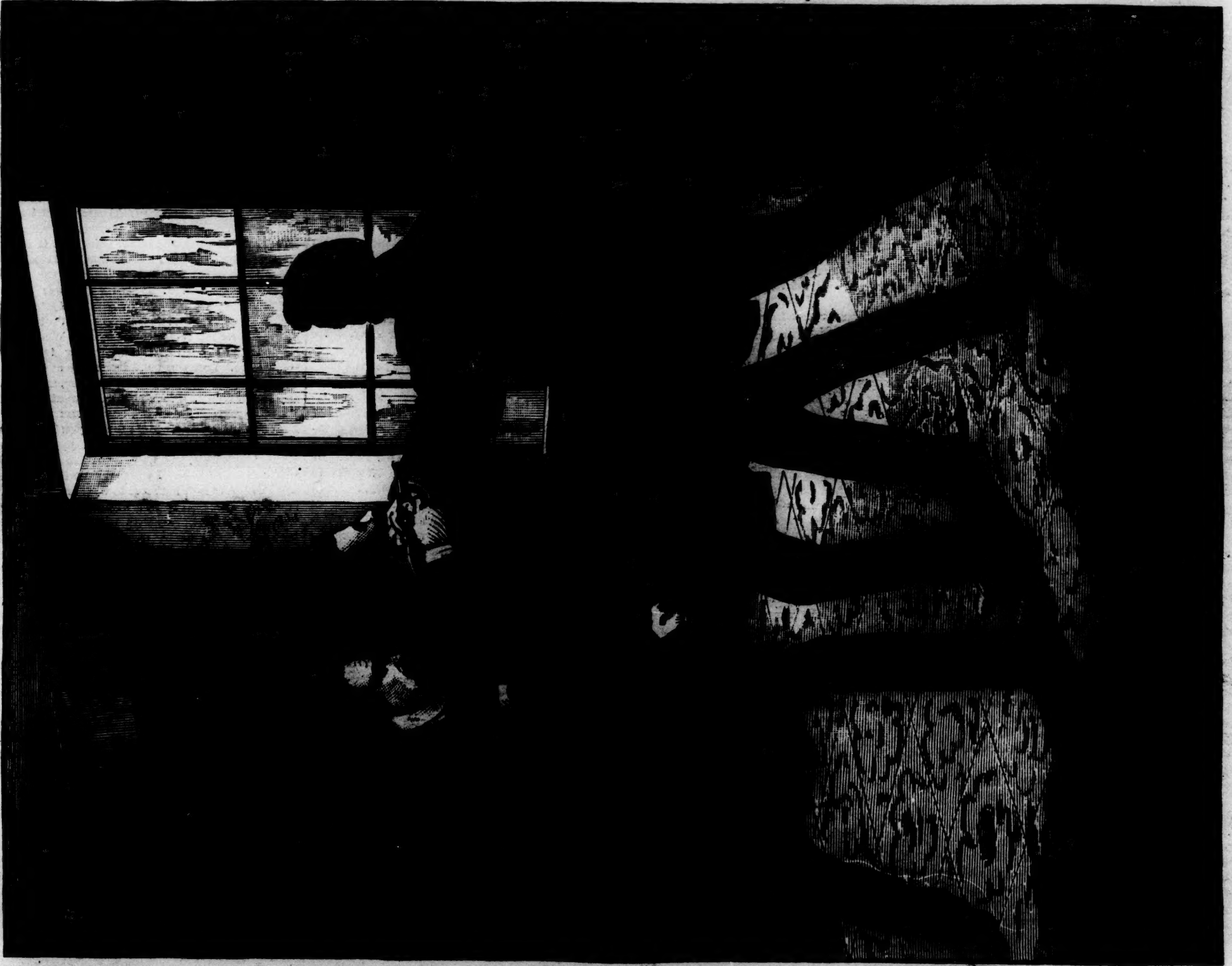
Execution of Butcher Nunez.

[Subject of Illustration.]

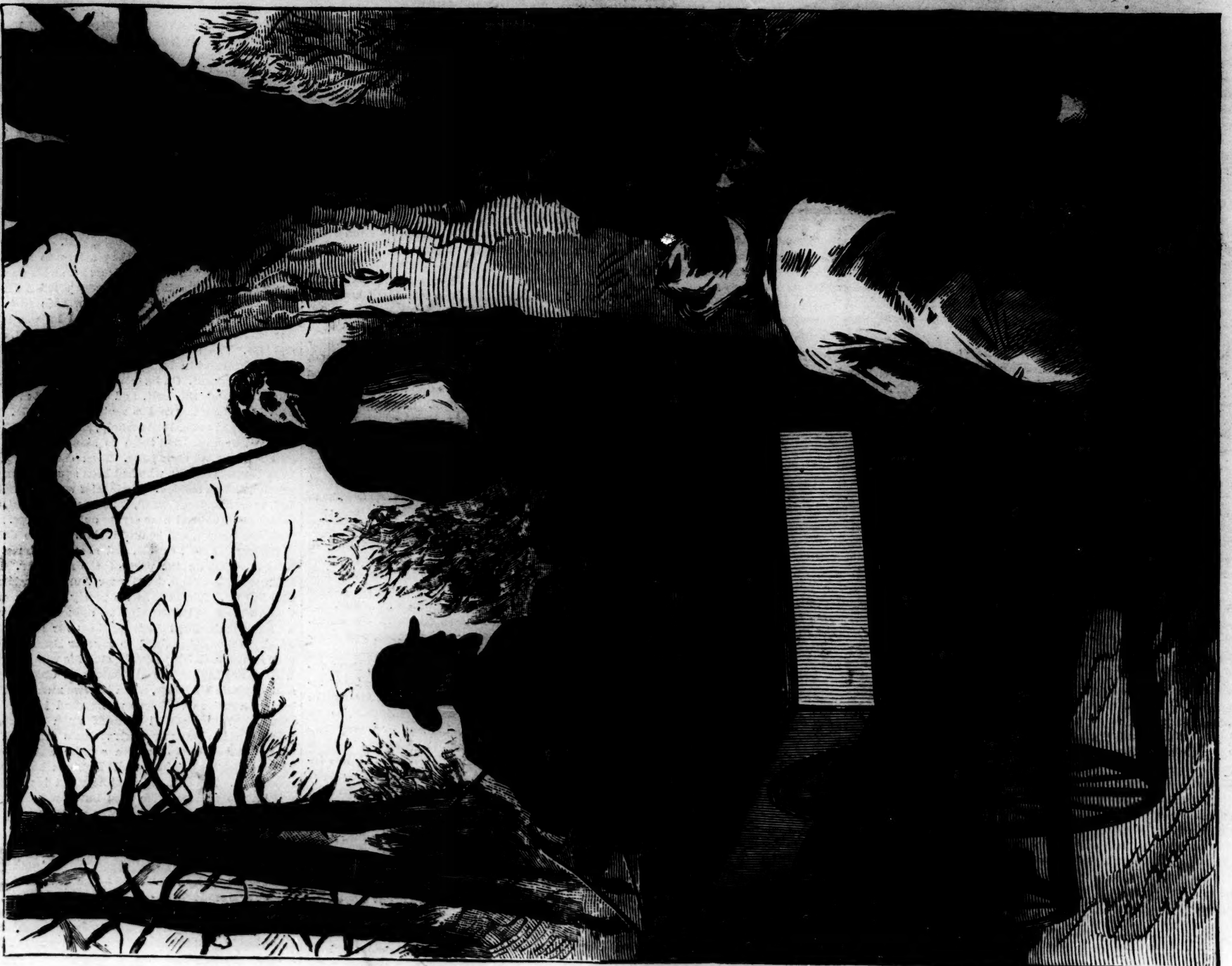
PUEBLO, Col., March 15.—Victor Nunez, the Mexican, was hanged here yesterday for the diabolical murder of Luis Ranscone, on the 3rd of October, 1877. He met his fate with stolid indifference, protesting his innocence to the last. No one was allowed to see the prisoner after six, as rumors of a rescue were abroad. A strong guard was placed at the jail with double-barreled shot-guns and rifles sufficient to repel any assault. The Mexicans had been gathering all day. Henry Nunez, brother of the doomed man, had been out five days among the Mexicans. An assault was not attempted, and it would have been fatal to the Mexicans had it been tried. The prisoner was in shackles for seven months. They were riveted, and had never been removed. The scaffold was erected half a mile east of town, amid sand-hills and cactus, where an immense crowd congregated. Ropes were stretched fifty feet from the platform to keep the surging crowd back. There were hundreds on foot, many carriages, omnibuses and every possible conveyance. The scaffold was erected a few rods from the cemetery. When the prisoner arrived he was taken immediately upon the scaffold and pinioned, arms and legs. The shackles were then cut off. Nunez read a statement in Mexican, declaring that he was entirely innocent. On its conclusion, at 2:10 P. M., the sheriff sprang the bolt, and the doomed man fell heavily. There was not a motion or struggle. The crowd surged toward the scaffold, and the sheriff in a loud voice commanded them to stand back, and the guards presented their guns. Then came a wailing from Nunez's family, who had been squatting on the ground, Indian fashion. Their cries were in Mexican and, to ears unaccustomed, it had a weird sound, as if beings supernatural were crying out in distress. His neck was broken, and he died instantly. The details of the murder are horrible, and show an almost demonic spirit on the part of the murderer. Luis Ranscone, his victim, lived near Nunez's residence, near Pueblo. Ranscone had a pretty Mexican wife, whom Nunez had succeeded in seducing, and with whom he maintained illicit relations for some time. Finally Nunez determined to murder Ranscone, and thus secure both his property and his wife entirely. With an accomplice named Montoya he decoyed Ranscone outside his house, when the two men assaulted him with furious violence and knocked him to the ground. Nunez seated himself upon Ranscone's breast, put his knees upon his victim's arms and cut his throat from ear to ear with a knife which he had prepared for the purpose, while Montoya held Ranscone's feet. The man did what he could to free himself, but to no avail. He was butchered outright. Nunez made his escape, but was subsequently captured, tried and convicted.

The Pecuniary Cost of a Crime.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., March 18.—The suit of Emma Casper against Philip Mendel for \$15,000 damages, for an alleged rape, which, the prisoner claims, Mendel committed on her person, was to-day brought to a close, the jury in the case returning a verdict of \$12,500 damages for plaintiff.



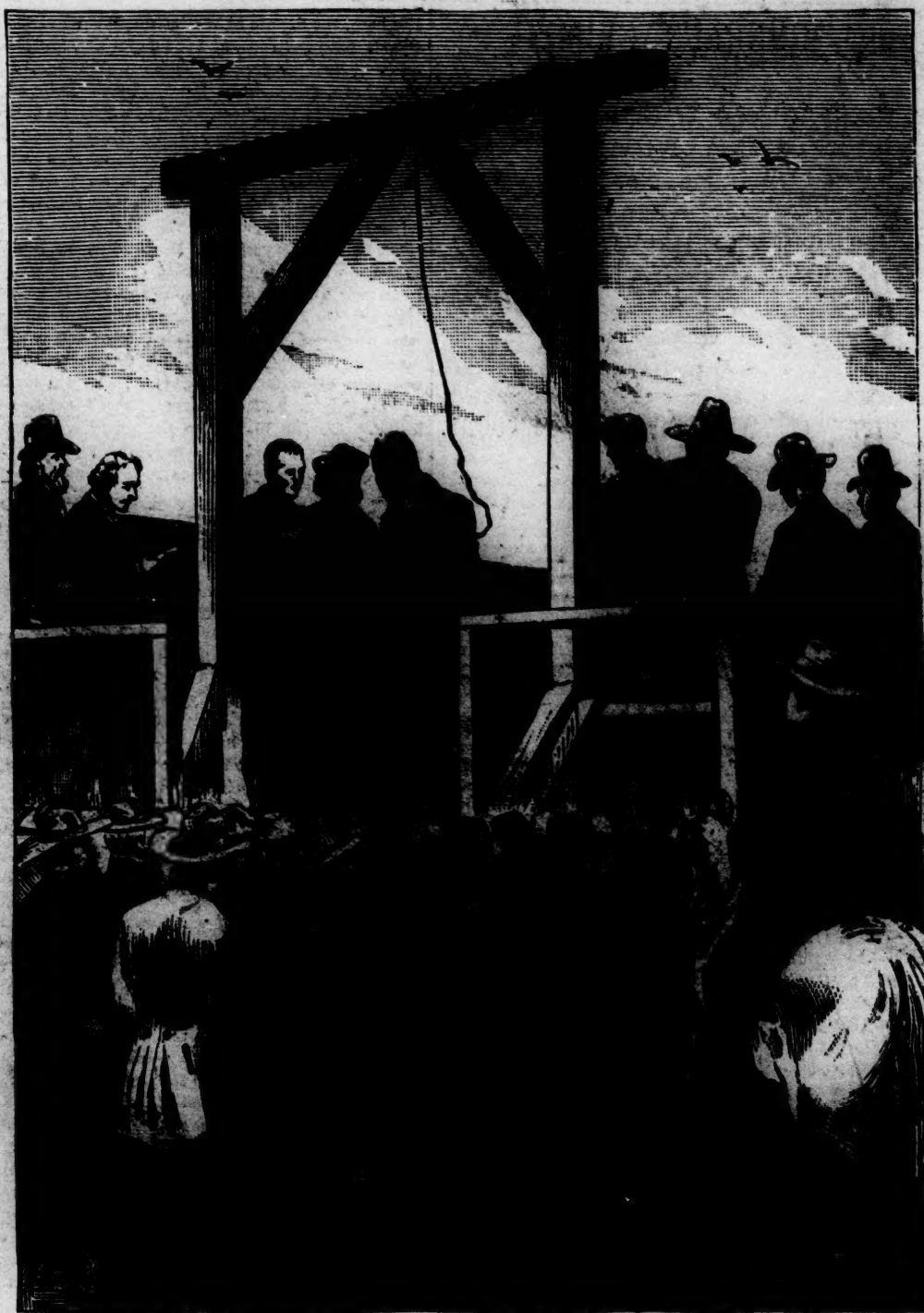
SANGUINARY AFFRAY BETWEEN COLONEL ROBERT A. ALSTON AND CAPTAIN EDWARD COX, RESULTING IN THE DEATH OF THE FORMER, IN THE STATE TREASURER'S OFFICE, IN THE CAPITOL BUILDING, ATLANTA, GA.—SEE PAGE 6.



PETER KLEIN, THE BRUTAL ASSAILANT OF MRS. TRUESDELL, IN THE "HIGHLANDS," NEAR NEWPORT, KY., TAKEN FROM HIS CELL AND HANGED BY A MOB OF INCENSED CITIZENS, WITHIN SIGHT OF THE SCENE OF HIS ATROCIOUS CRIME.—SEE PAGE 11.



DASTARDLY ASSAULT UPON MISS HOTTENSTEIN BY TWO MASKED THIEVES WHOM SHE HAD INTERRUPTED AT WORK, NEAR READING, PA.—SEE PAGE 13.



EXECUTION OF VICTOR NUNEZ, NEAR PUEBLO, COL., FOR THE DIABOLICAL MURDER OF LUIS RANSOONE.—SEE PAGE 7.



ANOTHER ROMANCE OF TWO ORPHANS—HOW A FAST BUT CHIVALBOUS NEW YORKER RESCUED FROM A CONCERT SALOON IN THE METROPOLIS A YOUNG GIRL WHO PROVED TO BE THE LONG-LOST SISTER OF HIS FRIEND.—SEE PAGE 13.

CURRENT CRIME.

Weekly Calendar of Conspicuous Offenses
Against Person and
Property.

MURDER'S UGLY RECORD.

The Lynn Mystery Revealed as to the Victim of the Tragedy but not the Perpetrator.

LIFE AT A TERRIBLE DISCOUNT.

A MURDEROUS PAIR SWUNG OFF.

Eugene L. Avery, alias Arctic Brown, and James Johnson, were hanged at Portland, Oregon, on the 14th, for the murder of Louis Joseph, last August.

A CHINAMAN CHOKED.

A Chinaman, named Ah Ben, was hanged at Marysville, Cal., on the 14th, for murdering John McDaniels, at Marysville Park, last November. He is believed to have committed several other murders, but made no confession.

A NEGRO RUFFIAN'S SENTENCE.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., March 18.—Knox Martin, colored, who in the most brutal manner murdered John Whittemore and wife while asleep, on the night of the 25th of last January, and who was sentenced to be hanged on the 26th inst., refused to-day to take an appeal to the Supreme Court.

SHOCKING WIFE MURDER.

TALCOTT, W. Va., March 17.—Page Edwards, living at Big Bend Tunnel, on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, shot and killed his wife, Polly Edwards to-day and then escaped. From indications there must have been a desperate struggle. The woman was shot four times, and though she had a baby in her arms at the time the latter was uninjured.

CAPTURE OF AN ESCAPED MURDERER.

BUFFALO, N. Y., March 16.—Daniel Van Wagener, who was convicted of an attempt to murder at Kalamazoo, Mich., in June, 1877, and sentenced to forty-five years' imprisonment, and who escaped from the House of Correction at Ionia, Mich., to which he had been removed on November 14, 1877, was arrested at Clifton, Ontario, this afternoon, and taken west to-night. His parents reside at Milwaukee, Wis.

TRAGIC SEQUEL TO A DANCE.

DENISON, Tex., March 17.—A fatal difficulty occurred at Limestone Gap, I. T., a few nights since, at an Indian dance. Two men, Blodgett and Carver, quarreled about a mule, and Blodgett, in his rage, seized an ax and buried it in Carver's shoulder and neck, cutting the jugular vein and several large arteries. The blood spouted over the snowy-white dresses of the Indian maidens. Carver was fatally wounded. The murderer was seized and tied to a tree, but a friend cut the rope and he escaped.

BURN'S RANGUINARY REVENGE.

MARYSVILLE, O., March 17.—Saturday afternoon, John Phipps, aged about twenty-two years, hired a buggy at a livery stable, for the ostensible purpose of going to Broadway, a village situated on the O. and G. Railway, returning about midnight, accompanied by two sisters—May and Jennette. Immediately on their return, he drove to the stable where he had hired the buggy and alighted, John being quite drunk, when they were met by one Addison Elliott, a young and well-known desperate character here, who, it is said, feeling aggrieved at the interest taken against Elliott at a fight which occurred at the house of his father, one week ago last Sunday night, struck deceased with a jug, knocking him down. The deceased was carried into the stable, where he lay in an unconscious state several hours, when he was carried to his home. He lingered until seven o'clock, when he died. Elliott is in jail, and Dennis McGraw under arrest as an alleged accomplice.

KILLED FOR THE PRICE OF A DRINK.

CHRISTIANBURG, Va., March 19.—A man named Isaac Reese, from Giles county, arrived here by the evening train yesterday, and after his supper went into the bar-room of the Wilson House. He called for whisky, and after taking a drink handed young Wilson, the bar-keeper, twenty-five cents in payment. Wilson gave him back ten cents in change, after deducting the fifteen cents, which includes the Moffet register state tax. The man refused to take the ten cents, and demanded five cents more. Wilson replied that the price of the drink was fifteen cents and that he had given him the right change, whereupon Reese began to curse and threaten him. Wilson then, to avoid a difficulty, told a negro to go for an officer. This so enraged Reese that he went behind the counter and advanced upon Wilson, whom he struck several blows with his fist. Wilson then seized his pistol and retreated to the end of the counter, where Reese still attacking him, he fired. The ball struck Reese on the end of the nose, and, ranging upward, penetrated the brain, causing death in half an hour. It has since been ascertained that he was under the influence of liquor when he arrived by the train, and that he leaves a wife and several children in Giles county. Wilson is twenty years old and small in size and stature. A coroner's inquest rendered a verdict in accordance with the above facts. Wilson was arrested and held in \$1,000 bail to await the action of the Grand Jury.

TRAPPING A GANG OF BURGLARS.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., March 15.—During the past two years numerous burglaries have been committed in the northern part of Orange and adjoining sections of Ulster and Sullivan counties, which were credited to a gang of outlaws supposed to infest the Shawangunk Mountains. Among the places robbed were Wheeler's store, at Pine Bush, which was robbed twice, the depot and a tailor shop at the same place, and a store at Dwaarskill, the depot and post-office at Thompson's Ridge, a distillery at Bullville, a creamery near Bur-

lingham, the depots at Winterton and Wurtsboro, on the Midland Railroad, and the depot at Montgomery, on the Erie Railroad. Three weeks ago, Daniel Thompson, President of the Crawford Railroad and Postmaster at Thompson's Ridge, where the office was robbed of \$75 in money and postage stamps, employed Detective L. A. Newcomb, of New York, to trace the burglars. In the role of an agent of the Western Union Telegraph Company for buying poles, he traversed the woods and visited the towns on both sides of the Shawangunk Mountains, and obtained evidence warranting the arrest of five persons who lived near Burlington without any visible means of support. On Thursday last he arrested William Wyatt, who confessed, and implicated four others—Moses Mackeney, George, William, and Charles Crawford—who were all arrested. Mackeney, who was formerly a panel thief in Sullivan street, New York, also confessed. All the burglaries named above were admitted by Wyatt and Mackeney, who signed written confessions of the post-office robbery at Thompson's Ridge.

A BURGLARY FRUSTRATED BY RHINE WINE.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., March 17.—One of the most curious, unsuccessful attempts at robbery which has ever come to the knowledge of the police was discovered this morning, at about three o'clock. A night watchman discovered smoke and flames issuing from the basement of J. & A. Kemple's ladies' dress goods establishment, at 33 South Fourth street. He gave an alarm, which being quickly responded to by the firemen, they were fortunately able to extinguish the embryo conflagration before serious damage was done. A singular discovery was made when the building was searched to find the origin of the fire. It was evident that the store had been entered by burglars by breaking into one of the upper floors through a carpenter-shop at the rear. They had packed up several large bundles of valuable goods, including laces, trimmings, &c., and carefully deposited them in the basement, after ransacking the different floors to get together the most costly goods. They had even got so far as to break the iron guards of a basement window in the rear, and had deposited several of their bundles of plunder through the aperture into an area-way, preparatory to removal. Thus far the thieves were successful; but at this point they seem to have discovered a gallon of Rhine wine in a closet, and the temptation being too much for them they proceeded to indulge in the fascinating liquor. Whether or not they became intoxicated is unknown, but they probably did, as they upset a lighted lantern and set fire to the store. About this time they must have hurriedly left the place, as they took none of the plunder with them, and the fire was discovered shortly after it broke out. The only loss by this singular burglary is \$3,000 worth of goods burned, which is not equal to the value of what the burglars had packed up to carry off.

THE LYNN MYSTERY SOLVED.

BOSTON, Mass., March 19.—There is no longer any doubt that the body of the girl now in the receiving-tomb at Lynn has been identified. Her name is Jennie P. Clark, daughter of a poor widow living in Hyde Park, and she was born in Milton on February 27th, 1859, exactly twenty years before her mangled corpse was found in the trunk in Saugus river. Her father died some years ago. The family was extremely poor, and when the girl was nine years old they were obliged to take her from school and send her out to work in families as a servant. Latterly she has worked in the family of A. N. Clark, whose business is that of a tin-smith. He is perhaps thirty-five years of age. About the middle of January she went to the house of her uncle, William M. Clark, of Milton, and returned to the Adams House on February 11th, saying that Mrs. Adams wanted her to return, which that lady now positively denies. On the 12th she left Mrs. Adams' house, and every one professes not to know where she went. Not until last week, however, was she missed, for her uncle supposed she was in Dorchester, and the Adams family say they thought she was at her uncle's. Mr. Clark, however, called on Mr. Adams on Thursday, and not finding her there, at once began inquiries. He ascertained that she was not at her aunt's in Cambridge, nor at her mother's in Hyde Park. His suspicions were aroused, and he communicated them to Mr. Adams and to Officer Copeland of the Ninth police precinct. On Monday the three went to Lynn and viewed the body in the church, just before the funeral. They declared the body to be that of the Clark girl. Mrs. Truesdell is an aunt of the girl, and the latter made visits to Manchester every summer. She identified the body, as did also her relatives in Cambridge and Boston and friends with whom she was intimate. To-day her mother was taken to Lynn by a *Globe* reporter, and after a careful scrutiny declared that the body was that of her daughter. She had first learned of the probable connection with the tragedy last night from a neighbor. She had heard of the tragedy, but had read nothing about it and knew nothing of the published descriptions. Notwithstanding this fact, she described very accurately all the peculiar marks on the person of the dead woman before she saw her, and at last positively identified the body by a scar under the left ear, caused by lancing an abscess; by her peculiarly shaped high forehead; by the prominent teeth, one of which, in front, overlapped the other just a trifle; by the color of her hair and eyes; by the ear-rings which she wore; by her mouth; and, lastly, by a mole on the back of her left hand, which was just like one on her own. Until she had completed her examination the poor mother stood perfectly stoical in appearance, not moving a muscle nor betraying any emotion; but as she exclaimed, "That is poor Jennie Clark!" she broke down completely, and had to be assisted to a carriage. She is completely overwhelmed.

Incendiary Vandalism.

NORFOLK, Va., March 20.—A few nights since the beautiful and costly mansion of Mr. Charles Wrenn, at Shoal Bay, on James River, four miles from Smithfield, was fired by an incendiary, and, together with the greater portion of its contents and adjoining out-houses, was totally destroyed.

A CALLOW CULPRIT.

The Unfortunate Romance of a Youthful Don Juan and his Mary Ann which brought the Former into the Clutches of the Law and Both into Trouble as a Result of Loving not Wisely.

Mary Ann Smith and William Freeman, of Greenpoint, L. I., were the complainant and defendant, respectively, in a seduction case, before Justice Elliott, of Williamsburgh, on the 12th, of which the *Dispatch* gives the following account:

Miss Smith, who is about to become a mother, is a well-developed, fair-haired, blue-eyed girl of eighteen. Her people are poor but respectable. She was attended in court by her sister and her brother-in-law. Her demeanor was that of a modest, bashful girl. Freeman is a tall, boyish youth of eighteen. He is a truck-driver by occupation, and as he was arrested by Detective Butts, while at work, he appeared in court in his working clothes. His people are quite respectable, and in comfortable circumstances.

As the highly-flavored incidents preceding and succeeding Mary Ann's ruin are best told in the statement of the principals, who ought to know best about the case, both stories are given below:

"Mary Ann and myself became acquainted about three years ago," said Freeman. "We were then only fifteen years old each."

SHE COMPLIED WITH MY WISHES.

There was never anything amiss with her until about a year ago, when she came to me and said she was in a delicate condition. She then lived in Long Island City. I was surprised. I told her that she should do the best she could to get rid of the embryo baby, as I would not marry her. Her sister then went to my people, but she got no satisfaction.

"About two weeks later Mary Ann came to me and told me that she had paid ten dollars for medicine and got rid of the child. She told me that she loved me, although I would not marry her, and that she would not give me up. Our intimacy continued. She says, in her complaint, that it was on the Fourth of July last year, in a row-boat, that the cohabitation took place which makes her the basis for the present charge. I don't deny that I was with her in the row-boat. But others were intimate with her as well as I," continued the gay youth in answer to further questions. "I saw her myself, since the Fourth of July, in a row-boat with a young fellow in a suspicious position. I can get a woman to prove that she saw Mary Ann going into

A HOUSE THAT HAS A BAD NAME."

He was told that "Unless he produced witnesses to prove that she was of unchaste character her word would have more weight with the jury than his, and the chances were that he would be railroaded."

"I am willing to spend a few years in Sing Sing rather than marry her," replied the gay deceiver. The writer next approached Miss Smith. Her brother-in-law approached her at the same time, and remarked that the subject was a delicate one to converse with a lady about. On being assured that the writer was equal to the task he said no more. In answer to repeated questions Miss Smith, as modestly as her position permitted, told the story of her ruin.

"I knew Freeman since I was fifteen years old," said she, "and we kept company together. I was passionately in love with him and yielded to his solicitations against my better judgment. We were much together. When I lived in Hunter's Point he came almost nightly to see me. He professed from the first to love me dearly. He said that we were young, that we could wait a few years before we got married. I would not listen to him at first, but at last I

YIELDED IN AN EVIL HOUR.

He continued calling on me and promising marriage until I determined to see if he meant what he said. I went to see him and told him I was in a delicate condition, and asked him to fulfill his promise to wed me. He said that he would willingly do it but that he was out of work and had no money. He said that he loved me and that I was the only girl he ever loved. He then begged me to get rid of the baby and that afterward we could both save up our money to buy furniture and set up housekeeping after getting married. He said that he had medicine up at the stable which would fix me all right. I replied that I could get medicine myself, and we parted. He called to see me shortly after, and I told him I paid ten dollars for medicine, and that I was all right. I was only trying to see if he would marry me. There was nothing the matter with me at the time."

"How about the present charge?" asked the writer. "Well, you see I would have nothing to do with him after

I FOOLED HIM ABOUT THE MEDICINE.

On the fourth of last July he was not working. He was down at Pottery Beach, and he sent to my sister's house for me. I went down to see him. He invited me to take a sail, and he rowed out into the East River. He pulled up the river until near dusk. We talked of love, and I upbraided him about his refusal to marry me when he thought I was in the way of being a mother. He said that he loved me, and that he would marry me when he had a little money. When we were near Pottery Beach, coming home, he solicited me, and I yielded."

"When I told him, a few months later, the condition I was in, he refused to marry me. I accepted his invitation to go out a boat-sailing. While in the middle of the East River he threatened to throw me overboard if I did not promise to get rid of the child again. I told him that I would not; that I did not want to be guilty of murder. It was a moonlight evening. He said that he would capsize the boat and drown me and himself sooner than have me

PROSECUTE HIM ABOUT A BABY.

I replied that I was not afraid of him, and with that he leaned on one side of the boat. I became frightened when the boat gave another lurch, and I promised to get rid of the child. He said that he would drown us both, and the people would think it was an accident, sooner than have the secret known.

"When I made him the promise, through fear, he again told me that he would marry me when he would be in better circumstances. But I did not fully be-

lieve him, and I made up my mind after leaving the boat to prosecute him if he did not fulfil his promise. He met me a few times afterward, but I refused to do away with the child."

"How about the woman who saw you going into a house of questionable repute in New York, and the man he saw you with in the boat?" asked the scribe.

"It's all false," vehemently replied Miss Smith. "No woman ever saw me going into any house with a man, nor had I ever anything to do

WITH ANY MAN BUT FREEMAN.

The woman he talks about as having seen me had some trouble with my father, and when I intervened she called me Freeman's —. Freeman told her, I learned, about our intimacy. But the woman can prove nothing against me, and I am convinced she will not attempt to. If she did, it would be perjury. As to being in a boat with a man, it is all a lie, and he can get nobody to swear to it. It is all made up on his part."

"I will tell you," she said in conclusion, "what he tried to do on me. He got his brother to call and see me. When I walked some distance with him near a lonely place, talking about Will and myself, he made improper proposals to me, and attempted to take hold of me. I turned away from him. I then saw Will at a corner looking at us. You see how shameful he treated me."

In the absence of Assistant District Attorney Oakley a hearing of the case was adjourned.

MURDEROUS MOONSHINERS.

Queer Revelations of the Private Operations of Secret Detectives and General Lawlessness Among the Revenue Evaders.

CARTHAGE, N. C., March 17.—The excitement in this county consequent upon the killing of S. W. Seawell, by one N. B. Taylor, last Thursday, is on the increase, and, judging from the well-known temper of the people and the general opinion that the killing and all the attendant circumstances were atrocious in the extreme, I would not be surprised at any moment to hear that Taylor had been captured and summarily dealt with by Seawell's outraged and infuriated friends. Such things often happen on smaller pretexts than this.

Taylor and Seawell were both, in a certain sense, outlaws. Both were employed as secret detectives by the revenue department of the government, and both were violating the very law under which they were employed, Seawell being the proprietor of an illicit distillery and Taylor owning two blockade establishments of the same character. Both of these worthies were cognizant of each other's operations and

WERE REGARDED AS FRIENDS.

About a month ago they had a misunderstanding about some trivial matter which led to warm words between them, and from words they came to blows. Seawell being physically the best man, Taylor got the worst of the fist-cuff, and from that time an intense hatred toward Seawell rankled in his bosom. Not being able to get even with his adversary by the power of muscle, Taylor was determined to gratify his animosity in some way, and he conceived the idea of reporting Seawell's illicit distillery, and he at once went to Revenue Officer Moore and made known to him the fact that Seawell was engaged in "moonshining," and gave him also the location of the establishment. Officer Moore at once made a raid upon Seawell's crooked manufactory, captured his implements and carried them to Egypt, the nearest railway station, for shipment to Raleigh. Taylor's whisky factories all this time were in

FULL AND SUCCESSFUL OPERATION.

A few days after the capture of Seawell's distillery Revenue Officer Womble passed through the community, and Seawell, by way of retaliation, reported Taylor, whose distilleries, two in number, were seized, placed in a wagon under the care of Seawell and half a dozen others and started to Egypt. Taylor and Moore having heard of the capture and being in the neighborhood, immediately came to the rescue, but too late. The capture had been made and the spoils were in the hands of the victors. After considerable consultation between Officers Moore, Womble and Taylor, in view of Seawell and his posse, they all three rode off together in one direction, and Seawell, with his wagon, posse of men and stills, plodded on toward Egypt. About dark they struck camp at Mrs. McRae's, in this county, near Euphonia Church. Part of the crowd went into the house to eat supper, while Seawell, with the other part,

REMAINED TO GUARD THE PROPERTY.

After they returned, Seawell went to supper, leaving them to guard. During this time Taylor was heard to call, near by, Stafford Finison, one of the posse, who immediately went out to him and remained about fifteen minutes. In the meantime Seawell had returned, and, assisted by some of his men, was taking the stills out of the wagon to lock them up in the house. Finison had also come back from his interview with Taylor, and was standing near by when a shot was fired; then another, when the whole crowd ran off in dismay. Seawell walked a few yards and fell, his heart being pierced with a pistol ball. He lived but a few moments and never uttered a word. Taylor then ordered the drivers to haul the captured property back to the place from whence it was brought, threatening to shoot them both if it was not immediately done. The body of Seawell was left lying where it fell until it was taken up by friends the next morning.

Taylor went home, made some necessary arrangements and took to the woods, and is still at large, though vigorous efforts have been

MADE FOR HIS APPREHENSION.

J. S. Finison, J. W. Shields and Eli Brady were arrested for aiding and abetting in the foul deed, they being the parties present when one of their number was called out and interviewed by Taylor. Their preliminary examination was had before a justice on last Saturday. These men were defended before the justice by able legal talent, but the evidence was of such a nature that the justice sent Finison and Shields to jail to await the action of the Grand Jury, and released Brady.

The evidence adduced on the preliminary hearing of these men strongly points to the guilt of Officer Moore as an accessory, and a warrant for his arrest was issued. The warrant will be executed, and Moore's preliminary trial will take place on the 15th of this month. Others are still suspected of criminal knowledge of Taylor's intentions or complicity in his bloody work. Seawell's friends are liable to rally and commence "business," in retaliation for the untimely death of their comrade, and there is no telling where this thing will end.

DOOM OF A DEMON.

The Righteous Retribution which was Meted Out to the Fiendish Perpetrator of the Highlands Outrage

BY AN INCENSED COMMUNITY.

The Ruffian Dragged Through a Snow Storm to the Bed-side of his Victim and, After her Identification,

HANGED TO THE NEAREST TREE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

CINCINNATI, March 17.—The hanging of Peter Klein by a mob embracing some of the best citizens of the beautiful little city of Newport, just across the Ohio River from Cincinnati, last night, is the one topic of conversation in Cincinnati, Covington, and Newport to-day. The morning newspapers all contain elaborate accounts of the lynching of this brutal ruffian, who was undoubtedly guilty of assaulting young Mrs. Caroline Truesdell, in her home in the Highlands, back of Newport, last Friday a week ago. Public opinion here clearly approves the action of the indignant men, who took him from his cell in defiance of the jailer, and even of the Mayor of the town, after marching him through a blinding snow-storm to the residence of the victim, that he might be identified, and then

HANGED HIM TO A TREE NEAR THE HOUSE.

Among the lynchers were respected and prosperous men, and the person who adjusted the rope about Klein's neck was a member of a family of good repute living near Dayton. The man thus summarily tried, condemned, and hanged met death with comparative composure.

Klein is supposed to have been arrested through the agency of a woman who lives in Rittenhouse street, in this city, to whom he had shown the watches he stole from Mrs. Truesdell's house. This woman, with whom he had been living, informed an officer of his new possessions, and the officer told the Chief of the Newport police. The capture was finally effected by the aid of two men named Popp, who lived in the house next to that of Klein's sister, a Mrs. Painter, the wife of a respectable bricklayer. This sister manifested no emotion when informed of the hanging, but said that it served Klein right, and that his family had no feeling for him, because he was so bad.

While Klein was in prison he made a confession in which, after mentioning that he was unmarried, and 53 years of age, he said:

"On last Friday week, about 6 o'clock in the morning, I left Cincinnati and crossed over the Newport railroad bridge to Newport. From there I went to the Highlands. I stopped at a lady's house, but I don't know what I asked her. I left, and was gone a few minutes, when I returned and

ASKED HER WHERE HER HUSBAND WAS.

She said he was in the field working, and would be in the house in a little while. I told her that was not so; that I met him going to town. I then asked her for a drink of water, and when she attempted to get it for me I knocked her down with my fist. I first hit her in the side of the head, and then struck her in the stomach with my fist. I did not kick her. I then dragged her in a room. She fought me as hard as she could. I told her she was the strongest little woman I ever saw. I told her that if she would give me ten dollars I would go away and leave things just as I had found them. She said she did not have any money. I then tied her hands to a bench, her head being underneath it. I also tied her feet to a door-knob. I did the tying with the strips of a sheet I had taken off the bed and torn up. I then ransacked the house, pulling bureau drawers out and throwing their contents on the floor. The only things I took from the house were a gold watch and chain, a silver watch, a Mexican dollar and a small amount of change. After this I went where the woman was lying tied, and told her good-bye, and to get loose if she could. This happened early in the morning. I then went straight back to Cincinnati the way I came, and have been here since. I have never read an account of it in the papers. I shaved my mustache and side-whiskers off the day I did it. I don't know what made me do it. I must have been drunk. I drank a pint of whisky that day."

Mrs. Truesdell remained in the position in which he had tied her

FOUR HOURS BEFORE SHE WAS RELEASED.

A beautiful woman, a young wife, and soon to become a mother, there were no bounds to the sympathy accorded her and the indignation against the ruffian. It was soon noised abroad, after his capture, that it was intended to lynch him, and in order to defeat this, if possible, precautions were taken against an attack on the jail, which Klein reached on Saturday night. As early as half past six o'clock the next morning the mob began flocking into Newport. As the hours passed the crowd grew so large that a special guard was placed around the court-house. The sheriff, deputy sheriffs, and police-force were seen running backward and forward, and it was evident they were anticipating trouble. Judge Cleary, the prosecuting attorney, proposed to have Klein taken to Alexandria jail without delay, indicted to-day, the first day of Circuit Court, tried and convicted within forty-eight hours. The objection urged to this was that Mrs. Truesdell would not be able to appear and testify, and a conviction was at least uncertain without her testimony. Her physician, Dr. Gaines, had said that she was better, but not out of danger, and he feared the effect of any excitement. Mayor Harton says it was at one time agreed by some of the indignant citizens that the Alexandria scheme might be

CARRIED OUT WITHOUT INTERFERENCE.

Throughout the day Klein remained in his cell,

with averted face, and abstained from all nourishment. He seemed to have grown older and thinner since the night before. Many persons visited him through curiosity, and all remarked his heavy sighing and frequent mutterings of "Oh, Lord; well, well." The prisoners, addressing him on the subject of his being lynched, he replied, "You don't know. What are you giving me?" He was reluctant to talk, and maintained a stolid indifference to everything.

It was determined to remove the prisoner from Newport to the Covington jail, or further, if necessary, and a carriage was ordered to be at the back gate at a certain hour, but the plan missed execution by a few moments. Had the mob arrived half an hour later, they would have found the prize gone. The Governor had telegraphed during the morning to call out the militia, if it should be necessary, but, unfortunately,

THIS PRECAUTION WAS NEGLECTED.

It was not imagined that the Highland people would make the attempt before the early hours of this morning.

During the day all seemed comparatively quiet, but the determination to deal with Klein was strongly and generally expressed. A number of men were seen riding about, and groups earnestly discussing the matter were frequently encountered, but no definite information could be learned of the expedition arranged for the evening. A heavy snow-storm was raging, and the vigilance of the guard was somewhat relaxed, and seven of the men went home to supper. The snow was still raging at six o'clock. Just before that hour a messenger rushed into the Newport headquarters and announced that 300 horsemen and 1,000 men on foot were making their way toward the jail.

In a few minutes they had entered York street, the horses being left on Jefferson. The mob grew larger at every step, and the number swelled to fifteen hundred. The cries and hallooing could be heard in this city and Covington, several miles from the jail. Knives, guns and revolvers were freely brandished, and calls of "We will have him, and hang him!" could be heard for squares. The court-house bell ringing to summon the citizens to the aid of the officers, tended

ONLY TO INCREASE THE EXCITEMENT.

Men, women and children emerged from their homes and blockaded the streets, and residents of distant parts of the city, hearing the news, flocked in by hundreds.

The jailer and others heard the shouting up the street and began to make ready. All the jail-yard gates were locked, but the invaders, with their forces swollen to twenty times the original number, surrounded the place by all its approaches. None of the party were masked, but the darkness and storm afforded a sufficient disguise. The jail is inclosed with a high board-fence, having four entrances. It was found impossible to force the main gate, but the three others were opened, and the fence on South-gate street torn down.

At the gate facing the jailer's residence Mayor Harton intercepted the mob and attempted argument, but a revolver was pointed in his face, and a heavy blow cut a deep gash in his right cheek and knocked him to the ground. Before he had time to regain his feet he was picked up by the crowd and thrown forcibly over the fence. Captain Link was also struck, and Officers Martin and Dupuy tramped upon and beaten. The signal for the advance was given by one of the leaders turning to the men and calling out, "All you who have mothers, wives or sisters, come on," and, with a wild shriek,

THE CROWD SURGED INTO THE YARD.

The jailer had gathered the Chief of police and one or two officers about him at the jail door, and answered their cries for the prisoner with a refusal to deliver him. They paid no heed, but demanded the keys, the crowd taking up the refrain. "We do not want to harm anyone but him," said a leader, "and we will have him." "Yes, we will," echoed the mob, and guns and pistols were presented at the heads of the guards. The officers being overpowered, the jailer was thrown to the ground and the keys taken from his pockets. The doors were unlocked and hundreds poured into the building, over the body of Jailer Swartz. Klein was taken from cell No. 2, and carried out, held above the heads of the men. At the sight a great cheer went up, and a general rush was made toward him. Proposals were made to hang him in the court-house yard, some suggested burning him, and others riddling him with bullets; but the leaders were firm, and pushed forward.

In the height of the excitement Mrs. Truesdell's brother mounted the court-house fence and appealed to all his friends to help him

AVENGE THE OUTRAGE ON HIS SISTER.

The mob departed as it had come, Klein and the men who had taken him from the jail, leading. Two strong, resolute men having firm hold of the culprit walked on either side of him, and others were close upon his heels, and punched him in the back with their fists at almost every step. It was by this time a quarter to seven o'clock. The streets were quite dark and snow was falling rapidly. The crowds which had gathered in the vicinity of the jail followed close behind the doomed man, filling the street from sidewalk to sidewalk, and receiving hundreds of fresh accessions at every crossing. Before Tibbatts street was reached by the throng every horse in Newport had been pressed into service by eager, curious men, who were determined to see all that might occur. At the intersection of Tibbatts street and Washington avenue there was a sudden halt, and the cry went up, "Hang him here," "Hang him to the lamp post." This was prevented only by a resolute man on horseback riding up to where Klein was standing, and shouting so as to be heard for three or four squares that he would shoot the first man who laid violent hands on the prisoner before he had been positively identified by Mrs. Truesdell. This threat quieted the mob, and the journey was again taken up. Tibbatts street leads into what is known as the Reservoir road, a crooked highway running east, parallel to the river, but some distance back from its bank. It is on this road, two miles and a half from Newport, that the Truesdell

house is situated. Klein was compelled to walk the entire distance, and the thumping on his back was kept up nearly all the way out. The procession moved slowly, and more than an hour elapsed before the Truesdell house was sighted. The most astonishing effort to keep up with the chase was that of a lame man, who walked with his cane and with the assistance of a friend all the way from the city

TO THE FOOT OF THE FATAL TREE.

In the darkness it was possible to discern only the mere black, sinuous line of the mob winding about between the hills, across ravines, and finally rising, step by step, to the summit of the narrow table-land known as the Highlands of Campbell county. The round-topped hills, with a covering of snow, stood out white and misty against the dense clouds in the sky, making a somber picture.

At last there was a general halt. Word was passed along the line that the vigilance committee would take Klein to the house and have him identified, and, if he was found to be the man, then he should be brought back where all could witness his execution. The word was, "Wait at the cross-roads, and go no further, if you are gentlemen." Accordingly the long line of foot passengers and the vehicles paused at the crossing, while a delegated committee followed the prisoner and his self-constituted guard to the Truesdell's house. This is a small log building, situated on the Dayton and Alexandria pike, fronting north, surrounded by trees and shrubbery, and bearing evidences of taste and thrift. The party entered the kitchen, and, marching Klein before them, moved to the door opening to the room where Mrs. Truesdell, his victim, lay upon the bed of sickness, and, perhaps, death, to which his crime brought her. She was found sitting up in bed, supported by her husband on one side and her mother on the other, her father, Mr. Balser, and brothers standing near. As they entered, she turned her pale face, surrounded by its drapery of dark, flowing hair, full upon him, and in an instant recognizing him, instinctively

TURNED AWAY WITH A SHUDDER.

Urged by her husband and mother to again look and express an opinion, she asked that his hat, which had been removed, be placed on his head. This was done, and his head, which had fallen forward to prevent her obtaining a full view, was forcibly raised. As this was done, he said, "Wait till to-morrow, so that she can see me by daylight." The words, though spoken in a low tone, reached her ears, and with a convulsive start and hands clasped in agony she exclaimed, "Oh, that voice! that voice!" and turned trembling away. There was silence for a few moments as the suffering woman lay in the arms of her husband, but the howling mob without would not brook delay, and, urged by the demands of those present, her husband pressed her for a reply. "Tell us, Carrie," he said, "whether this is the man." Taking one more look, she answered, "Yes, that is the man, and he knows it," and fell back, exhausted and trembling, upon her pillow.

This was sufficient, and with scarcely another word he was hurried from the house. The mob, impatient at the delay, had drawn near the house, and received the decision of the committee with shouts of

"HANG HIM! HANG HIM!"

A tree by the roadside was selected, one of the branches of which reached out over the road. A spring wagon that had chanced to bring up very near the desired place was appropriated. The surging mass was pushed away sufficiently to permit the wagon to be backed a few feet to the proper position, when the doomed man was lifted into it and speedily surrounded by a dozen men. On the way out some chemicals had been procured from a drug store, these were lighted, and the blue glare added to the weird impersonations of the scene.

Some one asked Klein if he wanted to pray or wanted anyone to pray with him. To this he made no reply, when some irreverent scoundrel in the mob began a prayer for him, opening with "Our Father," and ending with an allusion to "two pairs," whereas there was a divided sentiment, some of the thoughtless taking it as a rare joke, and others crying "Shame!" The mob built a fire on the opposite side of the road, and the red glare lit up the crowd and the face of the condemned man. "See him tremble," said one; but he did not tremble, except, perhaps, with cold, for he wore only a thin coat and vest, light shirt, no overcoat, a low paper collar. He was illly prepared to resist the searching wind and wet of the stormy night. He gazed around upon the crowd as he was lifted to his place without a murmur, and quietly submitted to having his hands tied, the fatal noose, meanwhile, literally dangling before his eyes and at times striking against his face and touching his slouch hat. The hands tied, his hat was removed, disclosing a bald head not badly shaped, black hair, rather long and standing well out from the head, dark eye-brows and dark complexioned, black chin-whiskers, a nose slightly Roman, but on the face

SCARCELY A SIGN OF FEAR.

There was an effort to blindfold him, but this was abandoned. Then the rope was put around his neck and slipped down tightly, and drawn up from above so that there was little "slack" left. Then the hangman, a broad-shouldered Kentuckian, prepared for the last work.

Mounted beside Klein, he said: "Now, do you want to say anything about this?"

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" said some voice from the crowd.

"I am not guilty," said Klein, and a hoot of derision went up.

"Who is, then?" asked the hangman.

"A man named Albert Jones," replied Klein. "We came to the Highlands together that day, and he told me he did it."

"What is the use of telling us this?" persisted the hangman. "We know you are the man; you have confessed it, the woman has identified you and the watches were found upon you. Why don't you confess it, and not die with this lie upon your soul?"

"This is no time for a confession," replied Klein; "this is not law."

"THIS IS KENTUCKY LAW."

Such was the reply he received. "Now," continued

the hangman, "I have taken you out of jail, taken you to the woman, who has identified you, given you a chance to confess, and now my only duty is to swing you off, and I'm going to do it, by G—," and he prepared to jump down and allow the wagon to drive out. There was a moment more of delay, another unavailing attempt to extort a confession, and the signal was given. Even then there was another pause, for the driver, looking up, seemed to be struck with Klein's expression of countenance and the manner in which the deed was being accomplished, and, reaching up, he kindly drew down the unfortunate man's hat over his face, hiding it from view; then striking his horse a quick blow, he drove out, and Klein was launched into eternity. He did not fall, he merely swung off, standing upon the seat until the rope pulled him off it, and without a jar or a possibility of breaking the neck, swung rigidly backward and forward like a pendulum. For a moment there was silence, and then the crowd, remembering Klein's last words to his unfortunate victim, broke out, "Get loose if you can!"

"GET LOOSE IF YOU CAN!"

Then there was a torrent of cries and shouts, as the crowd gathered around, and some seized the dangling victim by the legs and pulled them down. For fully two minutes he swung without a movement of a muscle, but soon a fearful struggle set in, the knot slipped in front, and he died slowly and painfully.

When life was proclaimed extinct the mob began to separate, but 500 or so remained, swinging the limp body to and fro, laughing at the motions of the legs and arms, and flinging taunts. An inquiry was answered by some of the men that they would prefer letting him hang for the action of the coroner, but those remaining were wild, many very intoxicated and wholly uncontrollable, and announced their intention of remaining all night to prevent Cincinnati physicians, who were said to be on the ground, from stealing the body for dissection. If the coroner got him, they said, the county would be under the necessity of burying him, and they had resolved that his burial should cost nothing either to the city or county. But when the coroner went out to get the body this morning, it had disappeared.

A Death-Bed Marriage Frustrated.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 20.—On Sunday night Captain Norman Crane, well known here, was dying at Meyer's Hotel, in this city. The captain was worth about \$20,000. He had lived five years with a woman named Mary Crane, and had introduced her as his wife in some of the most respectable circles in the District. No marriage had, however, been performed. When Captain Crane was dying he desired to make Mary his legal wife. The captain's sister, Celia Crane, it is said, was violently opposed to a marriage, there being, it appears, no will. A clergyman, the Rev. Dr. James G. Addison, was sent for, and was willing to perform the ceremony. Dr. Townsend, who was also present, thus described the alleged scene in an interview with a Post reporter:

"The sister kept her place by the side of the bed, and as I asked the question first to prove his consciousness, 'Do you know me?' he indicated his reply by an affirmative nod of the head. Then I asked, 'Are you willing to marry this woman?' but before he could nod, his sister patted him on the cheek, and said, 'Don't answer them, my dear brother.' In his weak condition he would at once relapse, and, after several attempts and failures, both I and Dr. Addison gave it up."

The marriage was thus prevented, and after the captain's death the sister took possession of his personal property. The alleged wife caused the arrest of the sister on the accusation of larceny, but on the witness stand the complainant acknowledged that there had been no marriage ceremony. The police justice thereupon decided that the sister, being the natural heir, was entitled to the property.

The so-called Mrs. Crane was visited by a Post reporter. She is of a petite figure, about thirty years of age, of fair complexion, and very lady-like and modest in her demeanor. She was dressed in deep mourning. She was evidently worn and worried with excitement. She said that she had been living for years as the wife of Mr. Crane; had forsaken home and friends for him, and, in the eyes of God and man, was his wife. Speaking of the reasons for delaying the marriage, she explained that it had been spoken of between them, but that up to his last sickness nothing definite had been arranged. Some time before Mr. Crane's death the Rev. Dr. Addison had called, but at that time, although she thought of suggesting the marriage, she had deferred it, and when he next came it was too late. She added that she did not know the sister until her arrival, and alleged that the sister had prevented the marriage by placing her hand over the mouth and head of Mr. Crane, thus preventing him from answering the questions when asked.

A Trio of New England Hangings.

BOSTON, Mass., March 14.—William Henry Devlin paid the extreme penalty of the law at Cambridge. At ten forty-seven A. M., to-day, in the Cambridge jail, Acting-Sheriff Fiske touched the spring which sent him to his final account. Devlin's crime was the brutal murder of his wife and child December 8th, 1877.

WINDSOR, Vt., March 14.—The execution of Henry Gravelin at the state prison to-day, was the last act in the tragedy the details of which were most atrocious in their character. Gravelin's crime was the murder of Herbert O. White, under circumstances of a most brutal nature.

CONCORD, N. H., March 14.—John Q. Pinkham was executed at the state prison here to-day. Although a man well advanced in years, he was considered by most people as being weak-minded, deficient in memory, and not wholly responsible for the crime which he expiated by yielding up his life upon the scaffold, and which was the shocking murder of Mrs. Berry, a widow lady, on whose farm he was employed in New Durham, in December, 1877.

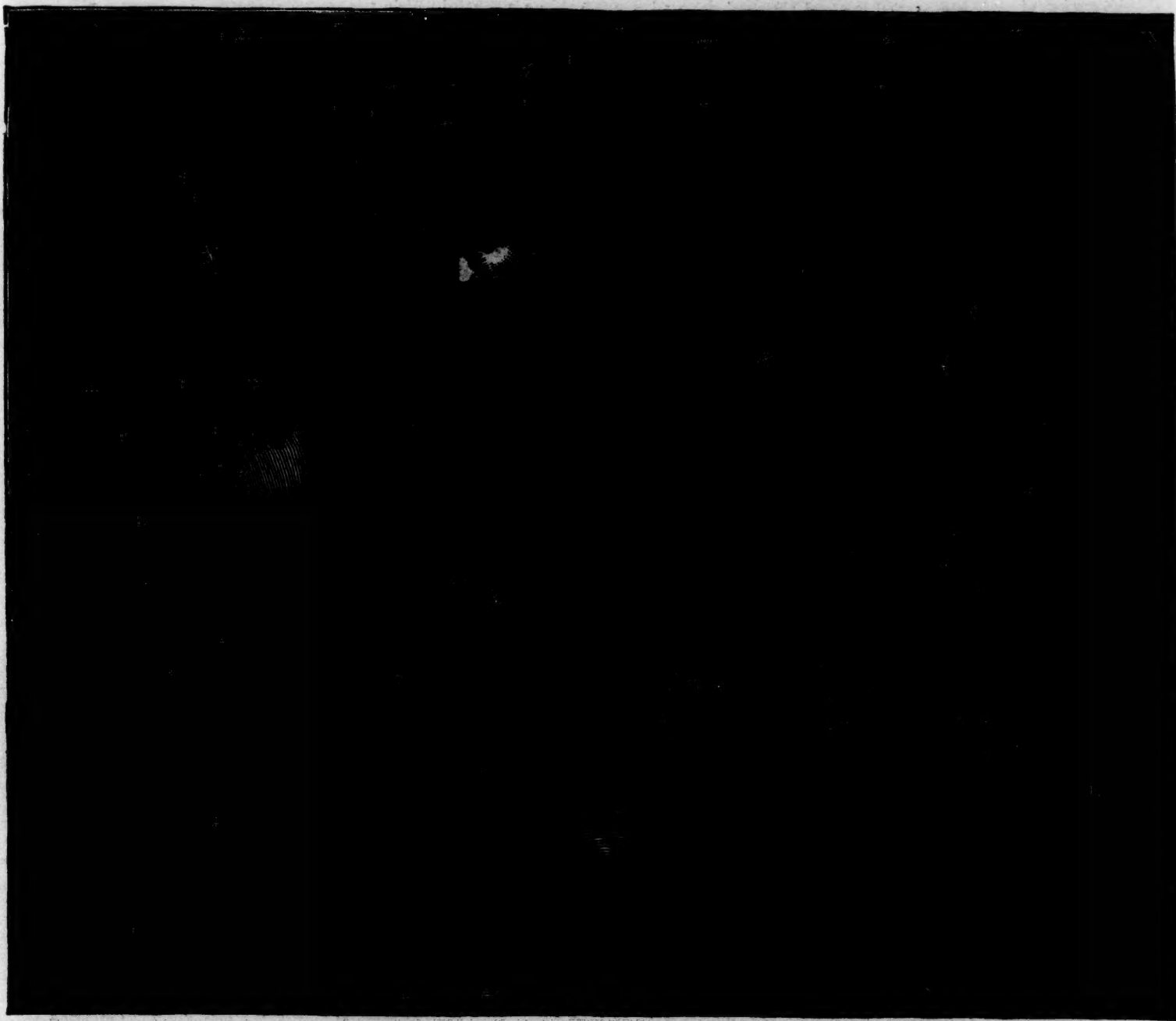
An Italian Husband's Mercenary Deed of Blood.

[With Illustration and Portraits.]

RICHMOND, Va., March 7.—A most atrocious and brutal murder occurred here between eight and nine o'clock on Saturday night. A man named Angelo Baccigalupo, an Italian, who keeps a grocery and grog-shop on Eighth street, near the canal basin bank, two weeks ago married the widow of a cousin named James Baccigalupo. About the hour named he pretended that he was going to leave the city, and decoyed the woman out of the shop and around the corner, where he sat upon her and stabbed her with a dirk eleven times; one of the wounds over the heart, three in the right arm, one in the right ear, one in the head, two on the right side, two in the abdomen and one in the breast.

It has since transpired that the motive of Baccigalupo was to quietly rid himself of her and at the same time obtain possession of her money and property, amounting to some few thousand dollars. In order to accomplish this design he bought a ticket to Washington and announced to his wife that he was going to Illinois, to be absent for four months. He took his baggage and left by the morning train, but upon reaching Milford, sixty miles from here, he got off and returned late in the evening. Upon arriving he went secretly to the store, decoyed his wife out, down the street and around the corner to a dark recess on the canal basin bank, where he made the murderous attack.

The shrieks of the unfortunate woman attracted the police who were on duty in the vicinity, and who quickly ran to the spot. The murderer attempted to throw the wounded woman into the canal basin, but was prevented by two young men, who were first at the scene. As soon as the officers made their appearance Baccigalupo jumped into the basin and swam to the opposite side in an endeavor to escape, but two officers ran around and across the Eighth street bridge and secured him when he reached the bank. He had upon his person about \$3,500, which included \$900 of his wife's money. He had previously torn up several photographs of himself and wife, which were taken when they were about to be married. His object was



A MERCENARY ITALIAN'S COLD-BLOODED CRIME—ANGELO BACCIGALUPO FATALLY STABS HIS NEWLY-WEDDED WIFE AND ATTEMPTS TO THROW HER INTO THE CANAL AT RICHMOND, VA., TO OBTAIN POSSESSION OF HER PROPERTY.

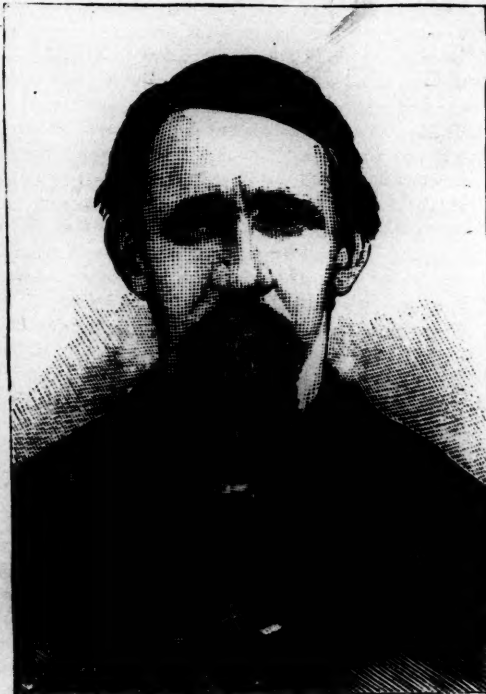
fatal incendiary fire which caused the death of five people in East St. Louis, last Sunday, and for which Andrew Marshall was arrested on suspicion of being the incendiary. The indictment to the deed is supplied in the fact that Marshall had a claim on Mrs. Bausch's residence, which could only be made good by getting her and her children out of the way. The property was originally owned by the late husband of Mrs. Bausch, from whom she had separated and gone to live with Marshall. It is now remembered that early in January last Bausch died very suddenly, and it was then that Marshall first made his claim to the

property on the strength of a note secured by a mortgage, both instruments purporting to be made by Bausch. This fact and the recent events started the suspicion that all was not as it should have been previous to Bausch's demise, and the coroner has suddenly remembered that at the time it occurred he received an anonymous communication, advising him to make a searching investigation into its circumstances. He paid no attention to the circumstances, however, but, in view of the later developments, his aloof suspicions became aroused, and yesterday he impaneled a jury, had Bausch's remains disinterred

ing. As soon as the arrest was made, one of Manning's companions, who is well-known to the officer by sight, but not by name, drew a revolver and said he would shoot if the prisoner was not released, whereupon McKay let go of Manning and caught at the fellow with the pistol, who instantly discharged his revolver full in his face. The bullet struck McKay in the center of the nose, just below the eyes, and it has not yet been found by the surgeon, who has expressed no opinion as to the severity of the wound. The wounded man walked nearly a mile to the Central Station, where he is now. All of the roughs escaped, but are sure of arrest, as they are well known.

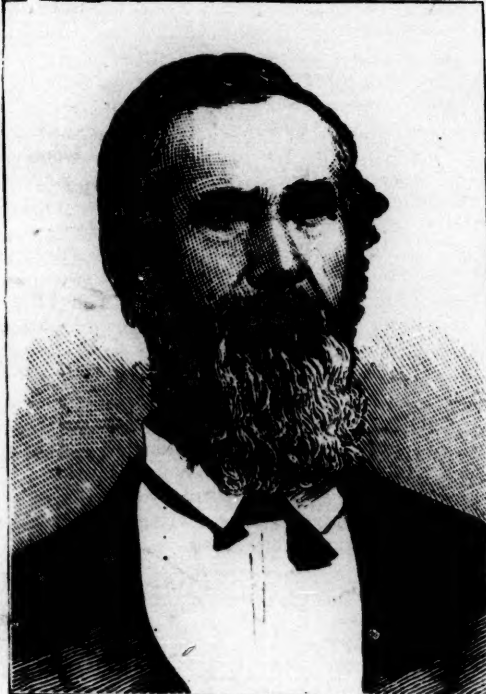
Kate Cobb's Living Tomb.

Kate M. Cobb was taken from the Norwich, Conn.,



THOMAS MOORE, MURDERED BY AN UNKNOWN ASSASSIN, NEAR BOWLING GREEN, KY.—SEE PAGE 2.

jail, on the 15th, in a close carriage, and in company with Warden Hawes took a train for Wethersfield. The parting in the train with her mother, brother and sister was particularly affecting. As she kissed the little ones "good-by," the tears were visible in the stern warden's eyes. A large crowd gathered at the depot in Norwich while in waiting for the Rhode Line train. She was closely veiled and exhibited considerable emotion. To a reporter Mrs. Cobb expressed her confidence in being liberated from her incarceration. She still maintains her innocence of the crime of murdering her husband, denounces Wesley W. Bishop, and says he is the greatest scoundrel of the age.



W. B. JONES, OF MORGAN COUNTY, MO., MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED IN EAST ST. LOUIS.—SEE PAGE 2.

to leave town as he did, publicly, come back secretly, kill his wife, go off again and then return again when he heard of her murder, and thus avert suspicion from himself.

The woman subsequently died of her injuries. The murder creates the most intense excitement among the Italian residents of the city, among whom both of the parties were well known as well as among others, and numerous expressions of a desire to lynch the murderer have been made.

The St. Louis Incendiary Horror.

ST. LOUIS, March 15.—Some new and startling developments have been made in connection with the



AMPUTATING THE CHINAMEN'S QUEUES—THE EXTREME PENALTY OF THE LAW IN THE EYES OF THE SAN FRANCISCO HEATHEN.

and the stomach removed for the purpose of an analytical examination of its contents. The result will not be known for a few days, but suspicion points strongly to murder, and to Marshall as the murderer.

Amputating the Chinamen's Queues.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There is an ordinance in San Francisco that requires the sheriff to cut off the queues of Chinamen who are sent to the county jail. One prisoner, who was thus treated, sued the sheriff after regaining his liberty; he denied the constitutionality of the ordinance, and the question thus raised has been under consideration by a United States Judge for some time. Meanwhile, the sheriff continues to cut off the queues as fast as he gets jurisdiction over them, and the Chinamen are bringing so many suits against him for reparation, that the Board of Supervisors have found it necessary to provide extra counsel for his defense.

Probable Murder of Another Policeman.

DETROIT, Mich., March 15.—At about midnight Patrolman Robert McKay arrested a notorious rowdy named Jim Manning for disorderly conduct, he at the time being with a gang of eight or ten equally disreputable fellows, who had been carousing and making trouble during the whole evening.

Another Romance of Two Orphans.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A story of two orphans has recently come to light in this city which is almost equal in pathos to that of the well known play of that name. Some years ago, it appears, a boy left his home in Bavaria and came to this country, where his success induced him after a time to send for his younger brother. This left to the sole care and protection of their parents two still younger girls, one possessed of remarkable beauty. The parents died; the girls were left alone with very small resources with which to depend for support. Of their brothers they had heard nothing for several years, but with natural instinct and longing they turned to the thought of them as their only comfort in their distress and loneliness. Against the advice of their pastor, they turned their efforts into money and set out for the new world, quite sure that in it they would have no difficulty in finding their truant brothers. But it was not so easy as they anticipated. On landing in New York they were appalled by the magnitude of the great city. They did not know where to go. Their inquiries were met by laughter and rude repulse. Sickness overtook one of them and the other, almost at the end of her small stock of money, frightened at the prospect of being left penniless, and ignorant of the character of the persons who professed an interest in her, accepted an invitation to sing in a concert saloon. On the very first night she was shocked by the scenes which transpired around her and the bold admiration her beauty excited. The extreme plainness and modesty of her dress and demeanor, however, attracted the attention of two gentlemen, one of whom was engaged in showing a friend from the country the "lions," and when an insolent fellow attempted a familiarity which she resented, he stepped to the rescue and obtained from her, amid her heart-breaking sobs, the story of herself and sister and the failure of their hopes. The truth of what she said was self-evident, and the young man, who was really honorable and kind-hearted, promptly took her away from the place in which she was, found her and her sister another respectable lodging, and interested himself to procure them employment. Shortly afterward, in company with a party of young men, he told his adventure, and was considerably surprised by the interest of one of them, who proved to be one of the long-lost brothers. Of course their troubles were now all over, for this brother occupies a high position in a large mercantile firm, and can well afford to take care of his sisters. Whether a romance will grow out of it remains to be seen. But there are four extremely happy people in New York, and a young man who feels that he has acted the part of a night-errand in a manner quite worthy of the Middle Ages, and who will doubtless be a better man all his life for having allowed the best part of his nature to assert itself on that single occasion.

Dastardly Deed of Masked Thieves.

[Subject of Illustration.]

READING, Pa., March 17.—A daring outrage was committed by masked thieves last night at the country residence of the Hon. Henry Hottenstein, an ex-member of the State Legislature, who lives a short distance from this city. The family had retired for the night, and Mr. and Mrs. Hottenstein were asleep. Miss Sallie, the eldest daughter, had also retired, but had not fallen to sleep. She first heard a noise under one of the arbors. It was then about half past nine o'clock. They have a small dog, which is generally left in the kitchen during the night, but last night he was in the dining-room, and he set up a terrible barking. Miss Sallie started down-stairs to see what was the matter. When she opened the door leading into the dining-room she was confronted by three men in disguise, one of whom immediately knocked the lamp out of her hand and stabbed her twice, cutting two ugly gashes about six inches long. She screamed, and started up-stairs, bolting the door after her. She then fainted on the stairs. The would-be murderers tried to follow her, but the bolted door stopped them.

The family up-stairs, in the meantime, made free use of their lungs, and the cry of "Murder!" rang out on the night air. H. S. Daub, of Pottstown and Daniel Borneman, of Limerick, who were spending the evening near by, hearing the cry, at once went to the rescue. When near the house they called out to know what was the matter. The answer came back, "Help! for God's sake! some one in the house is trying to murder us!" Miss Hottenstein was carried to her chamber, her clothing dripping with blood. She was badly cut below the abdomen, and in the thick part of the thigh. Through fright and loss of blood she was speechless. Medical aid was summoned, and the stab wounds were found to be deeper than was at first supposed. Fears are entertained that tetanus will set in and destroy her life.

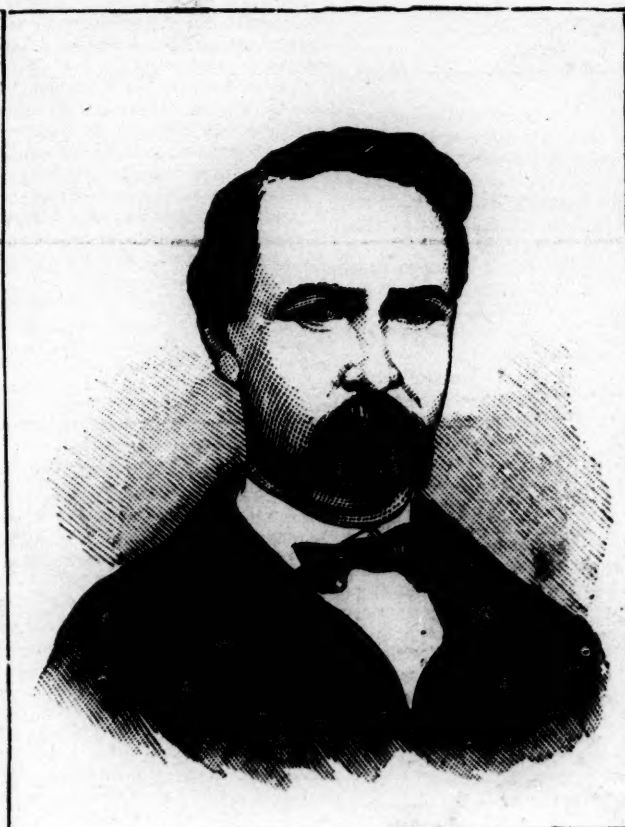


LEONG COOK, A CHINESE DESPERADO AND GARROTER, OF SAN FRANCISCO.—SEE PAGE 2.



MISS LIZZIE HAROLD, BURLESQUE AND OPERA BOUFFE ARTISTE.—SEE PAGE 2.

Later in the night she was strong enough to tell her father that she thought she knew the man who stabbed her and knocked the lamp out of her hand. Her statement implicates a young man living in the neighborhood, but as yet no arrests have been made. The police are making a thorough inquiry into the case. The house narrowly escaped destruction by the burning coal oil. Miss Hottenstein is highly respectable and quite accomplished, and is a woman of considerable nerve. It required all her strength to regain her feet and bolt the door leading up the inclosed stairway which she had descended.



COLONEL ROBERT A. ALSTON, VICTIM OF THE AFFRAY IN THE CAPITOL BUILDING IN ATLANTA, GA.—SEE PAGE 6.

Revelation of a Terrible Crime.

[Subject of Illustration.]

DETROIT, Mich., March 17.—A startling murder mystery was revealed in Springwells, below the city, on the evening of the 12th, when two men notified Justice Compton that they had found the body of a woman floating in the river. They said they were working along the wharves when they saw a large bundle floating in the water, and wedged in the ice a considerable distance from the shore. Procuring a boat they rowed out to it, and, turning the bundle over, saw the head and feet of a woman protruding from what looked like a coffee-sack, and at once took steps to secure it.

The justice having summoned a jury, proceeded to the spot, when the sack was taken to Kehoe's boat-house and opened, disclosing its sickening contents. There was the well-dressed body of a woman, whose arms were tied tightly at her side. The knees, drawn up tightly, were tied in that position, and the head fallen forward, concealing the handkerchief that had been stuffed into her mouth. Upon examination it was found that no bones were broken, and, although decomposition had begun, it could be seen that there were no external signs of injury. Examination of the woman's pocket disclosed a number of articles which may help to identify the remains, though there were no marks, name or initials upon any of the clothing. The mouth was examined, and there was taken from it a rubber plate with four artificial teeth. It was also discovered that all of the molars on the right side of the upper jaw had been taken out.

The body had evidently been in the water three or four months, and could not have been floating more than a day or two, as there were no evidences of contact with the ice. The jury returned a verdict that the woman came to death by drowning at the hands of some person or persons unknown. The city authorities were notified, and the body turned over to them. The dead unknown, it is thought, was between thirty and thirty-five years of age. She was about five feet and three inches tall, and of rather slender and angular form. Her features were regular, but not particularly handsome, while her hair was light brown and inclined to curl.

An Alleged Seducer Shot.

HERRON, W. Va., March 19.—On Sunday, near this place H. J. Wilburn shot and killed George Farley. It is reported that Farley, the murdered man, had been criminally intimate for a considerable period with the wife of his neighbor, Wilburn. It was not, however, until recently that Wilburn became cognizant of the fact, and then he deliberately announced his purpose to kill Farley. On Sunday morning Wilburn went to his brother's house to borrow a double-barreled shotgun, loaded with buck-shot, again declaring his intention to kill Farley. He at once proceeded to Farley's house and invited him to come into the road for a brief conversation. After little hesitation Farley went out, and the two talked for some time, Wilburn bitterly taunting Farley and the latter indignantly denying his guilt, saying, finally, "Oh, go away! I don't want any fuss with you." Wilburn thereupon fired one barrel of his gun and wounded Farley in the arm. Farley ran, and while endeavoring to jump a fence Wilburn fired again, the shot striking Farley in the chest and killing him instantly. Wilburn at once fled and has not been captured.

Lassoing a River Pirate.

While "Nan the Newboy" was in charge of the Volunteer Life-Saving Station, now moored to Pier 27 East River, on Friday night, 14th inst., he noticed a man sneaking down the dock and hiding something behind a pile of barrels. Soon the man returned, carrying some bulky substance, about the size of a bushel basket. Although "Nan" is a "light-weight," he sprang over the barrels and grappled with him, but the suspicious party escaped and fled up the dock. "Nan" gave chase, and seeing Officer Barry, of the Fourth precinct, at the corner, shouted for him to stop the thief. He stopped the man, but failed to retain his hold, and "Nan" accordingly summoned his comrades to his assistance. They, thinking that their captain had found a man overboard, hustled out of the station with lanterns, life lines and ladders, and in a moment were running pell-mell after the flying suspect. The latter, however, showed them a clean pair of heels half a block distant. James Finley, one of the life-savers, possessing some knowledge of throwing a lasso, let fly one of the life lines with a heavy block attached to the end. A quick jerk, and the line wound around the man's limbs, and he was brought to the flagging with a thud. He was then handed to the policeman, who came up puffing like a steam-engine. He gave his name as William McDonald, and was held for trial at the Tombs Police Court, in default of bail, a quantity of crude cork, from the brig Merriman, having been found behind the barrel on the dock.



F. W. RIMER, FORGER, WANTED AT TORONTO, \$200 REWARD.—SEE PAGE 2.

THE PHANTOM FRIEND.

OR.

The Mystery of the Devil's Pool.

A ROMANCE OF NEW YORK CITY.

BY S. A. MACKEEVER.

Author of "PRINCE MARCO; OR, THE CHILD SLAVE OF THE ARENA," "THE NEW YORK TOMBS—ITS SECRETS AND ITS MYSTERIES," "THE S-A-M LETTERS," AND "POPULAR PICTURES OF NEW YORK LIFE."

[The Phantom Friend,] was commenced in No. 67. Back numbers can be obtained of any News Agent, or direct from the Publisher.]

[Written expressly for THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

CHAPTER XVI.
A GROOM WANTED.

Ange went straight home and was surprised to find a stranger there, who had called with Mother Babette—a good-looking, devil-may-care sort of a fellow, who some how in his dress suggested a mixture of a Bowery play writer, a painter, and a newspaper man.

He was the latter, for it was none other than our friend Dashington, who lived in the third story, hall bed-room of the costuming establishment in Sixtieth street.

The good old French lady had been made something of a confidante by Mrs. Ange, discreetly so, it may be added, and in the same discreet manner, one evening, when Dashington had come down into her little back parlor, where she was busy at work slashing a maroon velvet pair of short trousers with cherry-colored ribbon, she told something of the mighty secret she had suddenly become possessed of.

Not that Flora was alive, she did not venture that fact, since she knew the young-lady did not desire the fact known, at least, not yet.

But she spoke of the mysterious suicide and of the diver, and then of the young man who used to ride to the door with the peerless Flora in the happy days ago.

"He's a fine rogue," said Dashington. "We're after him."

"Who are?"

"Flick and I."

"And who's Flick?"

"Sergeant of Police, Mounted Squad, one of the best fellows in the world; ought to be in the Central Office as special detective; one of those swell fellows that go to Europe and South America to bring back deacons."

"To bring back deacons?" exclaimed the old lady in horrified surprise, jamming her needle into her thumb with such force that she exclaimed *Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!* as she rocked to and fro.

"Certainly. Those rosters that lead the psalm singing and then get away with the funds in the bank, Trust Company or Life Insurance Company, as the case may be. Would you like to see his picture?"

"I should know it in a minute."

"Well, how does that strike you for a likeness of your Bean Brummel, your lady's man?"

And he took from his pocket the photograph loaned him from the Rogues' Gallery, the one backed, No. 989, Billy Hickman, alias "Handsome Billy, alias Calvin, burglar, A1 at the business."

T a conversation took place previous to the horrible murder of Mr. Benedict.

After that terrible affair, Dashington, who had seen Flick—both of them being astounded at the extraordinary testimony given at the coroner's inquest by Laura—testimony which seemed to blight her honor while it shielded the handsome villain the coroner's jury were forced to let go—after that event, we repeat Dashington had another conversation with Mother Babette, in which he expressed his firm opinion that Calvin was the assassin, and that the unknown who escaped by the window was a myth.

"That is just what Jules thinks," said Mother Babette.

"I would like to see him. Flick wants me to see him."

"Can you take me there? The Sergeant says he is a curious fellow and acted so strangely the time that he called in Leroy street that he doesn't wish to go again. Will you take me, Mother Babette?"

"I will see my son. You must wait until I return."

This was in the morning of the day whose events have been described in the last chapter. When the little French woman reached No. 1618 Leroy street she found only Mrs. Ange. Flora still prostrated with grief, and in a constant semi-hysterical condition, was in her room.

The two old ladies talked it over, and as they did, Jacques lounged in. He had been down to see to the boat which was not used much now. The last haul was sufficient to enable them to lay off for a considerable time.

Forty thousand dollars, guarded for years by a grinning skeleton in a bunk, with the Devil's Pool swirling about the rotting boat in which it was hid, to be gained at last by the diver who combined his faith in the story with the daring to solve it.

Now the curiously clamped coffer was in the cellar; the securities—some of them 1812 land grants—were in Jules' desk.

Jacques, who entertained the same opinion with the others, about the murder, was told of Dashington's request. He saw no objection to the young man coming since he was highly spoken of by Mother Babette, simply remarking that every one must be careful not to mention anything about Flora.

This was of course understood.

The customer hurried back and communicated the result of her errand to Dashington, who had been left to attend the shop, and who had already hired a boy's harlequin suit to a very stout gentleman, on the specious plea that it was India rubber cloth, and was made to stretch, and who had, furthermore, allowed one of the best furnished dominoes to go out without a deposit.

"Oh, you reckless *garçon*!" exclaimed Mother Babette. "I am ruined."

"No—no"—he said—"I know the young lady."

"Ah—you wicked boy," and the queer, coquettish dame shook her finger at him in the most naive manner imaginable.

And so it happened that when Jules walked into the front room of the little house in Leroy street, he was surprised to see Dashington there.

At first he didn't like it. No one likes new combinations in a game that is already rather complicated. As Gaboriau says, "It is the unexpected grain of sand that throws the entire machinery out of gear."

But after the introduction, and a few aside remarks from Jacques, the diver was keen enough to see that Dashington was not only a valuable auxiliary now, but represented one still more so.

If it had not been for the necessary marriage between Calvin and Laura; if it had only been fastening one of the two murders upon the wretch, Jules would have scorned

any proffered help, and would have gone on like a bloodhound sustained by two emotions—so equally strong, so similar as propulsive agents that they are twin sentiments—love and hate.

But it was absolutely necessary to corral the burglar and force him to the marriage before anything else could be done.

So Jules accepted the aid tendered by Dashington, and listened eagerly to what that young man had to say about Calvin. In his turn, Jules told of the events he had just passed through, and obtained immediate promise of assistance.

"You understand this must be done quietly; if Flick acts now with us it must be in a private capacity?"

"Certainly. The very question of the young lady settles that."

This conversation was held in a low tone on the other side of the room. Neither Mother Babette nor Mrs. Ange heard it.

There was silence for a moment, and then Dashington said:

"What worries Flick more than anything else is the missing girl who jumped into the Devil's Pool. If he could find any trace of her he would be satisfied. She's not in the Pool, because you've been there twice."

"No; she's not in the Pool," said Jules.

"Do you know"—and Dashington drew the brothers further into the corner, where his voice sank to a whisper—"do you know that Flick thinks *she is still alive*?"

The brothers exchanged significant glances.

"Why, just see," went on Dashington in exuberant style, "she plunges in; her body is not in the Pool; the river is watched as far up as Poughkeepsie, and the Bay is patrolled by Sandy Hook; no body; we find her clothes in the negro's hut, the one you met to-day, but no body there. It's awful. Flick is going crazy over it, and I must say I am getting a little off myself."

"Well, we'll make a bargain, Jacques here and myself with you and Flick. You help us get this gallant groomsman and see the marriage consummated, and we'll help solve the mystery of the suicide."

"Agreed."

"Any news of the murderer yet?"

"They've had four or five fly crack-men arrested, but every one proved an alibi except one, and yet he didn't do it."

"What made him so timid?"

"He was cracking another house at the same time."

Being pressed to remain to tea, Dashington did so. After the meal the two ladies withdrew to wait upon poor Flora, who was tossing and moaning up-stairs, and the three men settled down over their cigars and some good French wine to an arrangement of all the details of the marriage.

"Of course you know," said Dashington, "we must first catch our hare."

"I'll answer for that," the diver replied. "He will remain in hiding in the city, or will return speedily if he has left it. Don't you see how secure he is? The girl can't accuse him now. It would be perjury. Now for the place."

It was finally decided that when the groom was secured the happy event would take place in the negro's hut at Fort Washington.

CHAPTER XVII.

TUPA DICK'S WEDDING PRESENT.

After Tupa Dick left the cars at Fort Washington station on this same day, he struck off along the rocky path that seemed originally intended for goats and Spanish mules, and came to the leaf-strewn lane leading to his hut.

He could not resist the temptation to visit the grassy knoll and gaze upon the troubled, inky surface of the Devil's Pool. There were queer lights shining in its depths, and the superstitious negro fancied he could perceive mocking faces gazing up at him. A chill wind blew through the trees that were already becoming the bannered foliage of September, and rose to almost a moan.

Tupa Dick, familiar as he was with the surroundings, and accustomed as he was to wander about the wood, felt a creeping sensation of fright. He resolved to go home to his dog, to his chicken, to his gods.

As he strode along in the darkness—for the arching trees made the path as if it led to Hades—his mind kept constantly reverting to the adventure of the day.

Tupa Dick was both a naturally intelligent man and one who had quickened that intelligence by close observation and study. He was a keen reasoner, and the more he thought about the peculiar conduct of the diver, the day the first attempt to find the body was made, and his extraordinary interest in the sister's safety, the more he fell into that maze of puzzling conjecture about which the astute Flick had been floundering.

Of course Dick did not know of the false Alice and the missing George Webster, both elements in the hatred entertained for Calvin by Jules.

From this general wonderment Tupa Dick fell again to a consideration of the diamonds which were on the table of his hut when the knock of the detective came at his door, and were not there a moment later.

Dealer in magic though he was, this had been the greatest mystery to him that had ever happened, and one utterly beyond his comprehension.

As he strode steadily along the moon rose, and the light striking the leaves seemed to make them drip with blood. An express train bellowed and shrieked like a demon in the gorge below, throwing up a shower of sparks. And always through the deserted wood the long, low, saddening wail of the wind.

"I'll try my charms again to-night," said Dick. "The signs are good. If I could only find the diamonds. The pretty sister is in trouble, and I must help her."

By this time he had come to his cabin. The moment he put the key in the lock the low, grateful whine of the black dog showed that he was expected.

Dick struck a light, placed it on the table, closed and locked the door and looked about him.

His family were all there. The chicken had its favorite perch on the back of a chair, his head on one side and the same comical leer characterizing it as it winked at the lamp. The dog frisked about his master's feet.

The first thing is supper, thought Dick, after depositing in an old locker the net-cord and hooks he had bought that day. He put a plate of cold meat on the table, flanked it by a loaf of bread, and then, bringing a bottle of beer from the cellar, prepared to enjoy himself.

Every other slice he would throw to the dog, who would catch it in mid-air, and seemed to simply let it go down to the abdominal cavity without the slightest throat action.

The chicken picked up corn strewn for it in a corner. Ordinarily Dick talked to his friends, the dog and the chicken; but this evening he was too serious. He was determined, if concentration of mind could accomplish anything, he would ascertain from his hideous deities in the closet that very night where the diamonds were. He postponed the enigma of the girl's body.

So he ate and drank in silence, and when the meal was over and the table cleared he began his mysterious rites.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Dunkirk, Ohio, Standard.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE is the leading illustrated journal of the kind in this country.

GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM.

The Varied Experience to be Encountered in Riding all Night in Street Cars.

CARS.

A HOTEL ON WHEELS.

Strange Night Birds that Flit from the City Hall Park to Harlem's Gas-lit Bridge.

WHAT BECAME OF CHARLEY?

BY PAUL PROWLER.

[Written expressly for THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

I have long had a desire to travel up and down all night in a Third Avenue street car. For what? Just for fun; to see what I could see. I asked Charley if he would go, and that enthusiastic youth settled the business by saying: "Will I?"

So it was all arranged that we undertake the hazardous enterprise, Charley insisting only that he send a telegram to his firm in Beaver street explaining that he would not be down next day.

"But why not?"

"We'll be so jolly sleepy, you know."

Quite by accident, saw what the scamp wrote on the blank. It was as follows:

"New York, March 19, '79."

"Can't be down to-morrow. Funeral of aunt in Rondout."

THE START.

It was last Friday. After a supper in a chop-house in a narrow street running toward the North River, we went to a billiard-saloon and knocked the balls about until Trinity Church said it was eleven o'clock. There was a game of pin-pool going on in the billiard saloon at \$50 a head for the players, and a young man, stylishly dressed, who had been ordering wine, was rapidly being plucked by the pirates into whose hands he had fallen. He was a broker, and if he had gone up home in his coupe after business hours he would not have been in the predicament he was in. But we couldn't wait to see such trifles. We had watched too keenly already, and I imagine the proprietor heaved a sigh of relief when we were well out of the door.

It was still too early, and so we loitered about Printing House square, watching the subterranean coffee and cake shops, sauntering in and out of the all-night saloons and otherwise cutting the throat of time until midnight had arrived, and with it the hour of departure. So we boarded a car, took seats near the door, and settled down for the one hour and three-quarters ride. The conductor blew his whistle, the driver woke up his horses that had been dreaming of their boarding-school days on a farm, and away we went.

FIRST TRIP UP.

It will be impossible in the space of a running sketch like this to get down all we saw. It would take a Brinley collection of volumes to do so. So the pictures will have to be made with broad, free strokes, leaving the imagination to fill in the details, just as Dore, the great light and shade artist, outlines his work in these his well-earned days of affluence and rest and allows his students to embroider it according to his directions. In the first place there is nothing remarkable about the midnight car. The occupants of this one are two or three sleepy newspaper reporters, who have done a hard day's work, and have just turned in their copy. They pay their fare while asleep, just as Mme. Anderson walks around the track in a somnolent condition. The conductor wrings the neck of the iron bar with his *garde* like instrument and it registers in front. So we jog on. At Division street a pretty girl, Jewish cast of features, hails us. We stop. She boards the car and sinks exhausted into a seat. She has been hard at work since seven o'clock in the morning finishing some bonnets that are needed for an East Broadway wedding. All along the Bowery we gather drunken men and when we strike Third Avenue the car is full. Sleepy gentlemen slip from the straps they cling to and sit down suddenly in other people's laps. But the crowd is good-natured, and a laugh generally follows all such misadventures. And so on all the way up the avenue. The passengers begin to drop out one by one. The pretty Jewess gets off at Sixtieth street and I detect Charley making a memorandum of the fact upon his cuff. Some drunken men are carried farther than they intended, and they expostulate blusteringly, but to no purpose. Out they go, and on the car rattles with the lights along the shore gleaming bright and the air from the East River blowing up damp and chill, sweeping on from the islands and seeming to carry with it something of the misery of mind and body to be found there.

One drunken man pulls the straps in the middle and rings both bells. The conductor is wroth, but the intoxicated gentleman is good-natured, and is therefore not abused.

"He reminds me," said Charley, "of that fellow in the newspaper paragraph, who did the same thing—rang both bells, and who, when he was asked why he did it, said he had had too much wine and wanted both ends of the car to stop at the same time."

We are now at Harlem, you can see the lights upon the bridge. There is still a young man in the further corner of the car, his ulster collar turned up about his face, and hat pulled down over it.

"Has he been carried by?"

"Not a bit of it," said the conductor, pausing in making up his book. "He's a regular prize conundrum, he is. Rides all night long—up and down—up and down—paying his fare at each end of the line. I do not remember seeing his face before. Strikes me," the conductor further remarked in a whisper, "that he's a man who doesn't want to be caught in bed. He prefers a hotel on wheels."

SECOND TRIP DOWN.

It was after two o'clock when we started down town. At 115th street three men came out of a shanty saloon, over whose rickety door, the light within was visible, and jumped upon the front platform of the car. It was too chilly there and they came inside, one of them throwing down a carpet-bag—a disreputable, dissipated looking carpet-bag—that clinked as it fell upon the floor. The biggest of the three, a burly fellow, with a silk handkerchief of exquisite material and workmanship, knotted underneath his square, unshaven jaw, scowled at this noise and glanced quickly about, as he lit a pipe. Reassured, he fell back against the side of the car, put his hands in his pockets, and smoked placidly. At Seventy-fifth street there was a low, faint whistle heard. None of the three showed an actual appreciation of the sound, but the large man knocked the ashes from his pipe, put it in his short jacket, and yawningly asked the conductor—

"What street?"

"Seventy-fifth."

"Let us out at Seventy-fourth."

So they got out. I took the trouble to pass to the rear platform and look back. The trio, carpet-bag and all, were slinking along in the shadows toward Seventy-fifth street.

"What do you think of them?" asked the conductor.

"I think they are society people going to make a call at an extremely unfashionable hour," was my response.

When we got to Fifty-ninth street a party of masqueraders from a neighboring hall, availed themselves of the down town opportunity offered them. There were young women and young men, about six of each, and chador compels me to state that as to their sobriety it was six of one and a half a dozen of the other. They were full of fun and beer, all save one girl, who had the most serious cast of countenance. She was not sober, but she was becoming so rapidly. I still stood on the outside and as she sat in the corner next to the platform, I had abundant opportunity to notice her and hear what she had to say to another girl who had evidently inveigled her into the escapade.

"Don't be a little fool and cry so," hiccupped this friend.

"I can't help it, Sallie," she answered between her sobs, "I see now what I have done. What will father say?"

"It's too late now to think of that," was the philosophical answer, "brace up. If they go back on you, I'll get you a place in the dairy where I work, and then we can have lots of fun. Think of the summer and the picnics."

The rest were all singing and behaving generally in a manner that was not exactly decorous.

I gather this from the fact that even Charley seemed astonished, and if I am not pretty much mistaken, he blushed once or twice. I still could not help thinking of the little girl in the corner, whose aching head was bowed in her hands, and whose thoughts were then in that humble suit of apartments where she must soon appear to render explanation for her absence. It was easy to decipher all. She started to go to a dance, expecting to be back by midnight at least. The music, the lights, the beer—and all was over. Here it was three o'clock in the morning.

A FIGHT.

At Thirty-fifth street we enjoyed the spectacle of a fight between four or five blackguards who had united upon insulting the young women in the masquerade party. The indignity was immediately taken up by those escorting the girls, and for a while pandemonium reigned in the car. Two windows were smashed, curses filled the air, the women screamed. Stopping the car, the conductor blew his whistle and ran along the pavement hunting for an officer. But at that moment the officer was a needle and had retired for the night to the haystack where he lodged. Victory perched upon the banners of the dancers and the roughs were driven from the car severely punished. In another block it had all been forgotten and another bacchanalian song rung out on the air as we jolted merrily along. But the girl in the corner was as pale as death. Suddenly she gasped and fell back.

"Quick! quick!" said the one she had called Sallie. "Louise has fainted. Some water!"

Luckily an all-night house was on the next corner, and it took but a few moments for one of the gayly-dressed young men to bring a goblet of ice water, part of which was sprinkled on her face, part of which she drank.

Two blocks below they all got out, determining to see the sick girl home in a body.

From this point to the City Hall there were no surprising adventures, but many curious people came and went. An elegantly-dressed man, whose spotless shirt had no ornament, although the eye could see a tiny hole in the center of the single plait, became a passenger at Twenty-third street. He was pale as death, although his eyes glistened and wandered so at once, that they seemed moving lights in caverns. At times he laughed to himself, and then again his features had the rigidity of the most terrible despair.

"He's a gambler, whispered Charley.

"Yes, and has lost."

"Everything?"

"Even his diamond pin."

The car halted, and a young woman, unattended, was hauled in. The term is used advisedly, because she was very drunk. She was also very pretty, and was expensively dressed. But the silk skirt had dragged in the mud, and the jaunty hat was perched on one side. She laughed in a maudlin way, and actually winked at Charley. It was all I could do to prevent him from leaving the car. This interesting damsel got out at Forsyth street.

LAST TRIP UP.

It was 4:18 when we started back to Harlem, and in the meantime we had consumed more beer and oysters, and had been in several of the press-rooms, where the damp sheets of the newspapers were being radiated more rapidly than a conjurer could deal cards. The car we took was already occupied by men and women with huge piles of *Herbells*, *Suns*, *Times*, *Tribunes*, *Stars*, etc. Some of these dealers were down on their knees upon the matting folding the papers quickly and sorting them as deftly into piles. All was talk and work. Something of the activity of the ponderous presses we had seen appeared to have been brought away with these papers and to have been communicated to those who were handling them. There were very few other passengers. At Catharine street, however, a most charming lady got on, and at once demonstrated two things, as plainly as if she had spoken them:

I. She was endeavoring to get home before daybreak.

II. She had been afraid to take a carriage.

Whence came she?

Catharine street suggested the ferry, and that suggested Brooklyn, with its Williamsburgh suburb.

Had this blue-eyed, neatly-dressed, perfectly sober, distinguished-looking lady walked up from the river side alone, and through such a street?

I didn't believe it. I wanted fresh air anyhow, and so I passed to the back platform. As I did so I thought I detected the lady using her handkerchief in a manner that conveyed the idea of a signal or an *alarm*. At the same time, on the Catharine street corner, there was the flash of a match. A gentleman was lighting a cigar. The pale glow showed a handsome face, black mustache, and—the match was out.

This singular incident plunged me into a deep reverie, where I remained until the car had reached Thirty-fourth street. There the delicate hand of the lady motioned the conductor and the car stopped. She got up gracefully, passed me like a rustling cloud of intoxicating perfume and was soon lost in the direction of Lexington avenue. I gazed after her as long as I could see her shadow, or hear the frou-frou of her skirts.

Then I turned to Charley, who was just inside, and said: "What could that lovely—"

Great heavens! Charley was gone!

"Didn't you see him get off?" queried the conductor.

"No. Where was it?"

"At Thirty-fourth street. When the young lady got off there, he jumped off front."

I sat down crushed, and after riding a few blocks got off myself and went home.

I never thought that of Charley.

WASTINGS FROM THE WINGS.

The Naughty Quaker Christians on the Broadway to Ruin.—Church and Stage.—Capturing the Pedestrians.

There are two prominent phases of theatrical and musical life to be noticed this week in exclusion of others. Not that they are very remarkable *per se*, but otherwise the record is an uninteresting one, and when we have very little to talk about, even the spiciest subject may be slightly dull.

I. The church choir from Philadelphia that sings "Pinafore" at the "Broadway."

I know Philadelphia very well, and when some one told me that the good vocalists and amateurish actors lauded by Mr. Fulton were really "1st stanza" people from the rigid choir galleries of the Quaker City, I believe that I winked complacently at my informant, felt his pulse, advised him, now that spring was at hand, to be careful of his diet, and finally told him that I did not like candy, and that I detested taffy.

But he immediately rallied and placed before me the most incontrovertible proofs, leaving me to wonder at the degeneracy of the age, and at the futility of raining sulphur on Reading and Allentown, when the city, built on the ground that William Penn won from the Indians by the simple expedient of opening a "jack-pot" with five aces, still exists.

Furthermore, these meek-eyed Philadelphians, after singing at the wicked play-house on Saturday night, lie them to a train, and on Sunday morning, in their accustomed places at church.

They tackle the hymns, the psalms and the chants, And stir up their sisters and their cousins and their aunts.

Isn't this awful? What are we coming to? And likewise, as Senator Bob Hart used to say in his days of burnt cork and whisky, "What is it going to end in?"

Rumor has it that one of the troupe has been discharged from the choir for engaging in the soul destroying enterprise.

The deacons averred that the singers were all in New York during the week and constantly in the Broadway to destruction. If the rumor is correct, I congratulate the discharged individual. Philadelphia is a good place to sail from, and "H. M. S." is a good craft to use for that purpose.

The circumstance is a very peculiar presentation of the problem of the relationship between church and stage, and yet I think a very sensible one.

It gives a chance to utilize all the talents of an individual instead of having his or her argand burner under a bushel half the time.

Pretty little Susie Galton, sister-in-law to Tom Whiffin, used to sing years ago in the Seventh Street Opera House, Philadelphia, in those sprightly operettas called "66," "Fanchette," etc.

But it did not prevent her appearing on Sunday mornings, like a half-blown rose, in the gallery of Dr. Furness's church, Tenth and Locust, where her sweet voice used to give new grace and beauty to the Universalist hymns sung there.

I know that I was a regular attendant at the church while she was in the choir, and that much good was accomplished anyhow.

In the same city, at St. Peter's, there was a splendid baritone, who sang in black all the week at Simmons & Slocum's Minstrels, on Arch street.

And now it is Philadelphia again which presents the double employment idea in a new and more extensive manner, traveling all the way to New York to give us what must be confessed to be one of the best performances, musically considered, that we have yet heard of, "Pinafore."

Since the ice is broken, why not carry the plan further? The church can loan the show business many distinguished lights, as an acknowledgment for the show business having given the church Senator Bob Hart.

The tenting season is near at hand, and there is Talmage. All that is necessary at the Brooklyn Tabernacle to present fully the idea that he embodies, is a saw-dust ring on the pulpit. Why not have him tumble in the genuine circus regularly during the week, and return to his sermons on Sunday, just as the Broadway troupe drop Sullivan's score, and pick up "Beulah," "Greenville," "America," "Antioch," or "Old Hundred," on the Sabbath.

Look at Harry Ward. There is grand comedy and tragedy in that divine which are going to waste. Occasionally at the prayer meetings, or when they are knocking down the Plymouth pews at auction, as if they were lots of second hand furniture, his histrionic talent crops out, but in the main the world loses the benefit of it.

If Tilton should write an opera for him called "The Ragged Edge," or any taking title like that which would look well on a three-sheet poster, I think it would draw.

At all events we should be thankful to the Philadelphia Christians for having set a good example, the following of which cannot but help narrow the chasm which divides the green-room and the vestry.

II.

The theatrical fight over the pedestrians. When Madame Anderson was walking in Brooklyn it was claimed that she had a double, a twin sister, who took to the track while she rested, and that therefore the quarter-mile business was a fraud.

Mr. Fulton and the Lyceum management must have thought that Rowell, Ennis and Harriman had doubles also, because both the Broadway and the Fourteenth street theatres announced, on Tuesday last, that the three great walkers would be present in special boxes that evening.

The war waxed furious, and the most contradictory reports flew about.

Special posters were printed, and it was even thought of having men march up and down before both theatres carrying banners with the strange device (for the Lyceum): "Rowell, Ennis and Harriman are enjoying the performance at the Broadway;" and (for the Broadway): "The only original Rowell, Ennis and Harriman are now a just bustin' of themselves with laughter at the Lyceum."

And what did it all amount to, except as an "ad." for the theatres?

Who cared to see Rowell, Ennis and Harriman watching a piece run?

Certainly not I.

As if not content with this, the Bowery, pitying poor Harriman, the Yankee, who only received \$8,000 gate money for the week's work, generously offered him a benefit last Friday, giving the "Octoroon," with Chanfrau as *Salem Scuttie*, and Kitty Glassford as *Zoe*.

Now if Harriman had not succeeded in reaching the gate money, there would have been the most infinitesimal shadow of propriety in announcing a benefit for him.

That is all it really amounts to, after all.

Weak as he was from his six days' struggle, emaciated and broken down though he may have been, I think he still had strength enough to carry away all that the benefit netted him.

Green-Room Gossip.

Miss Ada Cavendish is in Bermuda.

Fechter has got into a new suit—a law suit.

This week it was Kate Claxton who was robbed.

Elly Coghlin is expected this week from England.

The Theatre Comique is a branch of the U. S. Mint.

Mr. and Mrs. "Hit-him-Twice-Freddie" are in town.

Katie Mayhew has rejoined her husband in California.

The Globe is empty. Where's a "Pinafore" company.

Miss Anna E. Dickinson does not seem to mind the blast of winter.

Faure, the French baritone, is as Faure as ever from being dead.

Frank Mayo at the Grand Opera House, commences Monday, March 24th.

This (Saturday evening) a French company give two comedies at the Lyceum.

Five or six of the *prime donne* of Europe are rehearsing Gottschalk's "Cradle Song."

A piece by Stanley McKenna will be one of Mr. Harkins' "Whims" at the Fifth Avenue.

The great tenor will Capoul his issues with Grau, his American manager for \$42,000.

Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau is going to appear in "Pinafore" at the Court Square Theatre, Brooklyn.

The manager who is rehearsing children for the "Pinafore," had better see the S. P. C. C. first.

The great difficulty with the road "Pinafore" companies is keeping them up to the standard.

If "Pinafore" came from Captain "Reece of the Mantlepiece," isn't it time to put it on the shelf?

A Philadelphia critic has written a play called "News." Whether good or bad "news," has to be determined.

Mr. W. W. Tillotson, Treasurer of the New York Park, goes to Mr. Abbey's theatre of the same name in Boston.

Marie Roze is captured by Strakosch, and Kellogg will go to London. Hauk manages to get interviewed every day.

Manager Abbey of the Park had "Engaged" played last Thursday afternoon for the enjoyment of the profession.

Miss Gussie Alden of the "Sorcerer" and "Pinafore" chorus at the Lyceum, has talent enough to demand a speaking part.

Dan Rice is going to have a floating circus the coming season. How are they going to do ground and lofty tumbling on the water?

Jerome Hopkins would do well to occasionally drop from an extreme altitude. His opera, "Sam," will soon be produced at the Academy.

If the churches don't advertise pantomimes, or something like that, the theatres, with their sacred concerts, will knock their patronage sky high.

We think Ninon Duclos is perfectly right, and a good deal righter still. She is a poor, abused, injured woman. (This is written after reading the horse-whip dispatches from Newport. We want to be on record.)

Revivals of "Caste" and "Home" will follow "A Scrap of Paper" at Wallace's Theatre. The distribution of roles in "Caste" will be as follows: *George D'Alroy*, Mr. Coghlin; *Caplain Bastre*, Mr. Wallace; *Old Fiesle*, Mr. Beckett; *Sam Gerridge*, Mr. E. M. Holland; *Ether*, Miss Coghlin; *Polly*, Miss Germon; and the *Marquis*, Mme. Fonisi.

I really feel interested in the way some of the ladies in the ballet at the "Black Crook" are dressed, or rather are undressed. We all know that the wings are cold places, and that pneumonia quite as much as red-fire lurks there. If anyone has any old ulsters that he doesn't need, he had better send them along. It will not add to the effect but will certainly embrace.

The *Chippie* publishes a laudatory account of an interview with the Count Joannes and in the first paragraph states that, knowing what the purpose was, he "courteously but firmly refused any interview whatever." Oh, Lord! The modest Count once wrote a whole column of specifications of his beauty, his wit, his grace, his skill, his genius, etc., etc., for an evening paper, and then sent in his bill for the copy, and waited till he got paid.

The irrepressible Adelaide Lennox has been reading in Brewster Hall. Speaking to a reporter she stated that at first it was her intention to walk, but she did not believe she could endure the physical strain. "Why do you read?" asked the reporter. "For bread!" for bread! Miss Lennox replied, and then she told him how she had written the best play seen in five years and couldn't get it placed. Miss Lennox reads for "bread" in this, her new role, and, singularly enough, her favorite piece is "Nothing to Wear." It seems very strange that Miss Lennox is not enjoying a first-class situation in a first-class theatre, and actually rolling in luxury. She has told us over and over again that she is bursting with genius (not bread), and it appears unexplainable that she is forced to constant iteration of the fact.

The production of Leonora's "Little Duke" at Booth's Theatre was another indication of the millennial wave of reform which is passing over the city. It had carefully been dissected and put together again, the result being that there wasn't allowed to remain in the lines or action anything that would bring a blush to the face of even a Baptist elder. The consequence was that the talk was terribly dull, and the demi-success of the initial representation was due to the sprightly music. You can't give French opera bouffe in English Sunday school translations. If they are wicked, don't give them at all; if they are to be given, present them in French and trust to the young ladies not being well enough up in the language to catch the *double entendre*. Imagine Aimee hampered by the moral harness of the Booth's Theatre "Little Duke"! She would kick her white satin boots clear over the traces. Florence Ellis was the star. She is pretty, but her voice needs fattening.

James Pilgrim, one of the stage veterans, died lately in Philadelphia. An idea can be obtained of his industry by reading the following list of his prominent plays: "Americans Abroad," "Croghan Kin Shela," "Ireland As It Was," "The Bride of the Shannon," "Fashion and Famine," "The Yankee Housemaid, or Life in Mexico," "The Limerick Boy," "Paddy the Piper," "Children of Love," "Servants by Legacy," "Rights of Woman," "Harry Burnham," "Shandy McGuire," "Mable, the Child of the Battlefield," "Mose in France," "Irish Assurance," "Ireland and America," "Female Highwaymen," "Yankee Jack," "Barney O'Neill," "Eva, the Irish Princess," "Princess Sweetlips," "Kenneth, the Weird Woman of the Highlands," "Evelyn Wilson," "Pirate Doctor," "Robert Emmet," "Katy O'Shield," "The Wild Irish Girl," "Jessie Brown," "Siege of Sebastopol," "McParlan, the Detective," "The Expressman and Detective," (written for Allan Pinkerton, not yet produced), and "The British Oarsmen," (not yet produced). Besides writing "Paddy the Piper," and other plays for Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, he also wrote pieces for Maggie Mitchell, F. S. Chanfrau, the Florences, Mary Devlin, (the late Mrs. Edwin Booth), and many other well-known actors and actresses.

VICE'S VARIETIES.

In a dance-house at Sturgis City, Dakota, on the night of the 15th, Charles Williams was shot and instantly killed by "Fighting Dan," a well-known rough.

At Brookville, Ind., on the 17th, Andrew George, the murderer of George Forrey, waived a preliminary examination and was committed, and will be taken to Liberty Union county, for safe keeping.

Miss NETTIE ARONHALT, who was in prison at Marion, Ohio, for the murder of her father, died, on the 13th, from the effects of arsenic, which she had taken, for the second time, her life being saved on the first occasion before her arrest. How she obtained the poison the second time is a mystery.

THERE is a warrant issued for James Young, of St. Marys, Ohio, for the seduction of two girls in that neighborhood. He is a smooth-faced, six-footer, with black hair. He was to have been married on Thursday night, 13th, to one of the girls, but failed to come to time, and then skipped out. The friends of the victimized girls are anxiously awaiting his return.

In the United States Court, in Milwaukee, Wis., on the 17th, in the matter of the application, on a writ of habeas corpus, for the discharge of General John McDonald, Mrs. La Mothe and Colonel W. F. Thompson, from the decision of Commissioner Blockgood binding the said parties to appearance before the grand jury, Judge Dyer denied the application, and the parties were held to bail in the sum of \$500 each.

In Louisville, Ky., on the 18th, twelve counterfeiters, convicted at the present term of court, were sentenced in the United States Court by Judge Ballard. The fines vary from \$1 to \$1,000, and the terms of imprisonment from ten days to ten years. Among the convicts are the Crabtree family. Old man Absalom Crabtree goes to Joliet Prison for ten years, young Absalom for three years and Mrs. Crabtree for one year.

In San Francisco, Cal., recently, a young woman by the name of Georgiana Morgan was sitting at night on a doorstep, when she was seized with a severe attack of coughing. At that moment there passed a warm-headed blonde, known as Annie Kearney, who took offense at the noises made by Miss Morgan, and approaching the coughing woman, she drew a keen knife and slashed her three times on the face and then fled.

At half past twelve A. M., on the 19th, fire destroyed the stables of James T. Anser, within twenty feet of the Presbyterian church, at Sing Sing, N. Y. Four valuable horses, six sets of harness, and a large quantity of hay, oats and straw were burned. The lead soldering on the stained glass windows of the church was melted and the windows warped out of shape. The fire was of incendiary origin, and is the third that has occurred on the same lot in the past ten years.

The body of the woman found drowned at Springwells, Mich., has been identified as that of Anne Bradley, notorious in that vicinity as "the Spanish doctress," who had been in several scrapes of more or less importance, the most notable being that of a few months since, when her reputed husband, Adler, shot a worthy who appeared to be making undue progress in her affections. It has been decided that she was drowned by her murderers, and was not killed before being consigned to the river.

DOMINICK BERANIO, an Italian, formerly of Memphis, Tenn., was murdered on Saturday, the 15th, in De Soto county, Miss. The murderer's name is Sam Carpenter, and was an employee of Beranio. They had a misunderstanding about some wages which Carpenter claimed to be due him. Failing to get a settlement with Beranio, Carpenter drew a large knife and stabbed Beranio in the jugular, killing him instantly. A reward of \$200 is offered by the Governor of Mississippi for Carpenter's arrest.

Since the lynching of Klein there has been some excitement in Cincinnati, coupled with talk of lynching Hulse, who is now in jail indicted for attempting rape upon a little girl. The excitement grew to such an extent that on the 18th Sheriff Weber obtained an extra guard of police. As a means of precaution he secretly removed Hulse in the afternoon, and took him to some place in the country. He expected an organized attack upon the jail at midnight, and he proposes if a mob comes to show them that Hulse is not in the jail.

JOHN FRANCIS, a colored chimney sweep, of this city, broke into Jacob Levy's rooms, on the evening of the 9th inst. He entered through a window, and had to step over the bed in which Mr. and Mrs. Levy were sleeping. He locked the bed-room door and carried away jewelry and clothing valued at \$200. Captain McDonnell, of the Prince street police, arrested Francis, but after Francis had resisted desperately with a razor. On the 20th, Francis pleaded guilty, and Judge Childersleeve sentenced him to state prison for seven years.

WILLIAM SCHALLER, the young man who was arrested for shooting Harry W. Baldwin, in Cincinnati, O., was released on the 17th, on \$3,000 bail. There is a new mystery put upon the case by the discovery to-day that a boy at seven o'clock yesterday morning found a four-barreled pistol in the alley where Baldwin's valise was found. Two of the barrels were empty. The balls corresponded exactly with that taken from Baldwin's head. This is supposed to prove that Baldwin was shot by some one in the alley, and not on the street by Schaller, as Schaller's pistol carried a ball of much larger caliber. The coroner's inquest is not concluded, and no evidence has been discovered concerning Baldwin's whereabouts after he arrived in the city on the Saturday night in question.

In Fort Wayne, Ind., on Saturday night, 15th inst., a partially demented German girl, named Barbara Midemeyer, gave birth to a colored girl baby, the child being almost as dark as if both parents were colored. Investigation of the case showed a shocking state of affairs. About two years ago the girl had a young German arrested on a charge of bastardy. He married her, and shortly afterward she gave birth to a child which was decidedly "off color." Her husband was greatly disgusted, and at once left and never returned. The woman charged the parentage of the child upon Henry Taylor, a coal-black negro, who had a short time previous produced a great sensation by marrying a very pretty white girl, named Lucinda Glass. She left him in a few months, and last summer the Midemeyer woman was about eloping with Taylor when her husband stopped the proceedings with a shot-gun. Taylor would have been tarred and feathered had he not left town at once. He went to Upper Sandusky, Ohio, where he now is. His victim says he is the father of both her children. She is the daughter of a German laboring man, and is half-witted. Taylor has a penchant for white women, having been mixed up with several cases similar to this. If he were on hand, Middlesex neighbors would undoubtedly lynch him.

About one o'clock on the morning of the 17th, in the Pioneer's saloon, one of the lowest dives of iniquity in Leadville, Col., Charles Hines, a young man from Ishpeming, Mich., entered in a peaceable manner, passing a mulatto, named Elkins, who was standing against the bar whistling. For some reason or other young Hines went back to the street, and, on returning to join his companions, had an altercation with the mulatto, which re-

sulted in the latter stabbing Hines seriously in the abdomen. The attention of the by-standers was first called to the affair by hearing Hines shriek, "Jack, I'm killed; help me!" He was struck below the naval, the blade of a large pocket-knife penetrating to the handle and making a ghastly wound. Elkins stated, in defense of his sanguinary act, that he was leaning against the bar, whistling, when Hines and party entered, and that the victim jostled him in passing. He retaliated and was struck between the eyes by Hines. He returned the blow forgetting that he had the open knife in his hand. Elkins was safely lodged in jail shortly after, and a mass of howling and indignant miners paraded the streets until day-break, meeting at intervals a cordon of well-armed officials who were pressed into the service for the protection of the bloody Senegambian.

A young fruit-tree agent, calling himself Wilson Myers, appeared in Independence, Kansas, from Chillicothe, Ohio, several months since, and put up at the Main Street House, where he became enamored of one of the dining-room girls, named Maggie Taylor. It was a case of love at the "first intention." It soon became to be understood that the couple were to be married, and it was also conceded, by those who were posted, that the nuptial ceremony should be performed, and that quickly. Myers found business requiring his presence elsewhere. As soon as he was gone, the young girl and her friends began to suspect that Myers did not intend to return, so they telegraphed to different points and had the "gay Lothario" arrested and brought back to Independence on the 15th, where the alternative was then given him to marry the girl he had seduced or go to jail, and, after a few minutes' reflection, he sent for the Probate Judge and on the following Sunday morning the bridal knot was tied. One of the local papers came out on Monday with an article denouncing Myers in a very bitter manner, and on Wednesday Myers went to the office and compelled them to retract and offer the most abject apology through their paper. The affair created considerable feeling, and the weight of sympathy is with Myers.

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